

THE
FIRST
GOLDEN
RULE BOOK

THE
GOLDEN
RULE
BOOKS

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MORAL INSTRUCTION

THE FIRST GOLDEN RULE BOOK

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P R E F A C E

WE are permitted by the kindness of the publishing houses named below to use the following selections: "The Lark and the Child" and "Tommy's Lesson" from *Baldwin and Bender's Second Reader* (American Book Company); "The Spoiled Child" and "The Violet" from *A Child's Reader in Verse*, by Emma L. Eldridge (American Book Company); "A Story of Two Little Girls," by Stella G. Stern, "A Little Wonder" from *Precious Janie* and "The Dining Table" from *St. Nicholas* (Century Company); "Dora and the Light" from *Howe's Second Reader* (Charles Scribner's Sons); "Little Boy and the Cakes" and "When Little Boy Ran Away" from *The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill* by Annie Laurie (William Doxey); "A Certain Boy," "Heedless Pet," "At the Little Boy's Home" and "In a Minute" from *Five Minute Stories* by Laura E. Richards (Dana Estes & Company); "The Clean Book" and "The Brave Girl" by John Finnemore, from *Black's Literary Readers, Book One* (A. & C. Black; "What Tommy Lost" from *Little Folks* (Samuel Edson

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Whatsoever
ye would
that men should
do unto you—
do ye even so—
to them ❖ ❖ ❖

"The Bible"

THE FIRST GOLDEN RULE BOOK

TO MOTHER FAIRY

Good old mother Fairy,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folk
You would like to hire?

I want no chubby drudges
To milk, and churn, and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
With grizzly beards, and thin:

But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts;
Say, have you such to spare?

They must be very cunning
To make the future shine
Like leaves, and flowers, and strawberries,
A-growing on one vine.

Good old mother Fairy,
Since my need you know,
Tell me, have you any folk
Wise enough to go?

—ALICE CARY.

THE LARK AND THE CHILD

A lark had a nest in the wheat field. A child found the nest, but did not harm it.



“Good lark,” he said, “how many little birds have you in your nest?”

“I have three,” said the lark, “and they are all very pretty.”

“May I look at them?” said the child.

“Yes, my dear. Sit down, and I shall show them to you,” said the lark.

The child sat down by the nest, and the lark showed him her little ones. The child looked at them a long time. Then he said: “Your three birdies are very pretty. What are their names?”

"This little one is Tiny Tim," said the mother lark. "The next one is Bright Eyes, and the other is Fair Wing."

"There are three of us at home, too—Baby Rose, sister May, and I," said the child. "Our mother says we are very dear to her."

Then Tiny Tim spoke up and said: "That is just what our mother says of us. Oh, yes, we know that she loves us."

The child looked at the larks again and again and was very glad. Then he said to the mother lark: "Good Mrs. Lark, won't you let me take Tiny Tim home with me? The children will play with him, and all will be kind to him."

Before the mother lark could answer, Bright Eyes looked up and spoke: "Yes, little boy, you may take Tiny Tim with you if you will send Baby Rose to live with us. We shall play with her and be kind to her."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the child. "Baby Rose would be very sad to leave mother and home. She could not live in your nest. And we would not part with her for the world."

Then Bright Eyes said: "So would Tiny Tim be sad to leave our mother and go away from the nest. And little Fair Wing

and I would be very, very sad to part with him."

"I see, I see," said the child. "Every one loves home and mother."

"And brothers and sisters are dear to one another," said Tiny Tim.

—JAMES BALDWIN AND IDA C. BENDER.

From "The Baldwin and Bender Second Reader," by kind permission of the American Book Company.

THE DUCK AND HER DUCKLINGS

There was an old duck which had three
little ducks,

Three little ducklings, chuck, chuck, chucks!

She took them for a walk, and she
marched them back,

And taught them how to say to her:

"Quack, quack, quack!"

The ducklings went behind, and the duck
went before,

Three ducks and one duck, that made four:

A duckling is a duck, if I know white
from black;

But a duck is not a duckling, though.

"Quack, quack, quack!"

This duck was genteel, and she walked with great state,

Then cried: "Now, ducklings, mark my gait;

So much, you see, depends on the style of the back."

And the ducklings said: "Yes, mamma, Quack, quack, quack!"

—W. B. RANDS.

LITTLE SUNSHINE

Once there was a little girl named Elsa. She had a very old grandmother, with white hair, and wrinkles all over her face.

Elsa's father had a large house that stood on a hill. Each day the sun peeped in at the south windows. It made everything look bright and beautiful.

The grandmother lived on the north side of the house. The sun never came to her room.

One day Elsa said to her father: "Why doesn't the sun peep into Grandma's room? I know she would like to have him."

"The sun cannot look in at the north windows," said her father.

"Then let us turn the house around, Papa."

"It is much too large for that," said her father.

"Will Grandma never have any sunshine in her room?" asked Elsa.

"Of course not, my child, unless you can carry some to her."



After that Elsa tried and tried to think how she could carry the sunshine to her grandmother. When she played in the fields, she saw the grass and the flowers nodding their heads. The birds sang sweetly as they

flew from tree to tree. Everything seemed to say: "We love the sun. We love the bright, warm sun."

"Grandma would love it, too," thought the child. "I must take some to her."

When she was in the garden one morning she felt the sun's warm rays in her golden hair. Then she sat down and she saw

them in her lap. "I shall take them in my dress," she thought, "and carry them to Grandma's room." So she jumped up and ran into the house.

"Look, Grandma, look! I have some sunshine for you," she cried. And she opened her dress, but there was not a ray to be seen.

"It peeps out of your eyes, my child," said her grandmother, "and it shines in your sunny, golden hair. I do not need the sun when I have you with me."

Elsa did not understand how the sun could peep out of her eyes. But she was glad to make her dear grandmother happy.

Every morning she played in the garden. Then she ran to her grandmother's room to carry the sunshine in her eyes and hair. The dear grandmother told her fairy stories until the little girl's eyes sparkled with joy.

—SELECTED.

CLOVERS

The clovers have no time to play ;
They feed the cows and make the hay,
They trim the lawn and help the bees
Until the sun shines through the trees

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And bow their tired little heads
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then, when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew ;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry ;
And then to work the livelong day,
For clovers have no time to play.

—HELENA LEEMING JELLIFFE

A STORY OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS

Alice and Bertha played in the same garden, because they were little sisters. They were always playing in the garden, and everybody who passed by would say, "Hello, Alice!" and "Hello, Bertha!" and the little sisters would run to the fence and say, "Good morning, good morning!"

But one day a very sad thing happened. Alice and Bertha had a quarrel.

Alice wanted to play that her house was under the pink rose-bush by the fountain ; but Bertha wanted to play that her house

was under the pink rose-bush by the fountain. So Alice said that she wouldn't play at all. And Bertha said that neither would she. They each walked round the garden alone.

It was very sad. The two little girls thought that the sun did not seem bright, and they thought that the flowers were not pretty. They did not like the little fountain, and they were very miserable and did not know what to do.

So Alice walked back to see what Bertha was doing. And what do you suppose that was? Why, Bertha was walking back to see what Alice was doing.

Just then a little bird flew down and took a bath in the fountain. He splashed and splashed and splashed. Alice clapped her hands and laughed. And Bertha did, too. The two girls looked at each other and kept right on laughing and laughing.

"You may have your house by the pink rose-bush, Bertha," said Alice.

"Oh, no! You have yours there," said Bertha.

"I tell you what," Alice said. "We will have our house there together."

The dreadful quarrel was over at last, and the two little sisters were happy again.

—STELLA G. STERN.

*From "St. Nicholas," by kind permission
of The Century Company.*

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS



There was once a man who had a goose, but this goose was not like the geese you have seen. She was very handsome, and every day she laid a big, golden egg. The man sold the eggs at the market. He saved the money and

was slowly getting rich.

One day he said to himself: "I wish that I were rich now. Every day my goose lays a golden egg. She must have a mass of gold inside her. If she has not, how can she lay golden eggs? If I could have all the gold at once, I should

be very rich." So he killed his goose and tried to find the gold.

Alas! There was no gold to be found. His goose was like all other geese. But now



he had killed her, and he would have no more golden eggs to sell at the market.

The foolish man had lost the good that he had, without getting the riches which he wished.

—SELECTED.

THE ROBINS

One day the sun was warm and bright,
No cloud was in the sky;
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
It's time for you to fly."

And every little robin said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mother says, "Do this, or that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say, "I'll try."

—ANONYMOUS.

THE TWO GOATS

Two goats once wished to cross a stream. One goat was on the left side of the stream, and the other was on the right side. The water was deep, and over the stream was only a narrow board. Only one goat at a time could cross on it.

"I will not wait," said the first billy goat.

"I will not wait," said the second billy goat.

So they both started at once. They met in the middle of the narrow board. They stamped with their hard hoofs and shook their heads. The narrow board shook, too.

"What are you doing here?" asked the first billy goat.

"What are you doing here?" asked the second billy goat.

"Get out of my way!" said the first billy goat.

"Get out of my way!" said the second billy goat.

Stamp! stamp! went the little hoofs. Down went the heads! Out went the hard horns! They pushed this way and that way. They forgot that the board was narrow. They forgot that the water was deep. Stamp! stamp! went the hoofs. Bang! bang! went the horns. They pushed and pushed until they both fell into the stream.

—ÆSOP

DORA AND THE LIGHT

Dora was a little girl, who lived with her father in a lighthouse on a rocky island, away out in the ocean. Some one has to live in the lighthouses all the time, to take care of the big lamps and keep them burning brightly for the ships that go out on the sea. In the night, the lights show the sailors which way to go to keep off the rocks.

Little Dora had no mother to take care

of her, and she could not go to school because the land was so very far away. Every day she went out into a little garden around the lighthouse, to play in the sand. She was very happy in the sunshine, and she used to pick up pretty shells and stones that she found among the rocks. At night, as soon as the sun went to bed, she went up the steps that led to the light, and watched her father light the great lamp that shone for the sailors far out on the sea.

One day Dora's father said: "I must go away in a boat to the land, to buy some things for us to eat; but I shall be back soon." So he went away, and the little girl watched the boat until it looked like a small speck.

By and by some clouds hid the sun. Then raindrops began to fall, and Dora had to run into the lighthouse. The rain came faster and faster, and the sea grew very rough. She sat by the window and watched the big waves, but she saw no boat coming from the shore.

The night was growing dark and there was no one to light the great lamp, which must shine on the ocean to show her father and the sailors the way. She did not like to be alone, but she knew she must be a brave girl. She went up the long stairs

and tried to light the lamp, just as her father did each night. But she was too small. The light was too high for her to reach. So she went down the long steps for a chair to help make her taller. Then she struck a match, and in a minute the great lamp was shining out on the stormy sea.

When the moon shone out on the water and the great waves went down, her father came home. He ran up the steps as fast as he could and found his brave little girl sound asleep. But the lighthouse lamp was burning.

--SELECTED.

*From "Howe's Second Reader," by kind
permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.*

DAISY STARS

Such darling little daisies,
Are shining on the lawn,
They look as if the little stars
Had fallen down at dawn.

I wonder if the angels,
Who live in heaven so high.
Throw down these little stars for me
Out of the morning sky.

If I look up to heaven,
At night when it is dark,
I see, oh, such a number there,
Each like a tiny spark.

But in the lovely morning,
When I get out of bed,
I see the darling daisies here
Down in the lawn instead.

—ANONYMOUS.

A KIND GIRL

One day a little girl was out in the fields watching a man with his sheep. "Why have you left your dog at home?" she asked.

The man said: "My dog can never help me with the sheep again. A cruel boy threw a stone at him and broke one of his legs. I shall kill him to-night to put him out of his pain."

The little girl was very sad when she heard this. She did not say anything to the man, but went to his house. There she found the dog lying on the floor. At first the dog would not let her come near him. But she was kind and gentle, and at last he

let her look at his leg. She found that it was much hurt, but not broken. She bathed the leg with hot water and bound it up.

After a while she saw the man coming home to kill the dog. He loved his dog, but he knew that it is better to kill an



animal than to let it live in pain. The little girl ran to him and said: "Your dog's leg is not broken. I have bound it up. Do not kill him. I think he will be quite well in a few days."

The next morning she went to see the dog again. This time he came to her at

once, for he knew that she was his friend. And again she bathed his leg and bound it up. In a few days he was well enough to go out again into the fields and help to take care of the sheep.

After that, whenever the dog saw the little girl, he would run to meet her and would jump about to show how glad he was. If a dog could speak, he would have thanked her for being so kind to him. His master, too, could not thank her enough. But for her, he said, he would have lost the best dog he ever had.

This kind and helpful little girl grew to be a kind and helpful woman. She left her home and went far away to a distant country where a great war was going on. There she took care of the sick and wounded soldiers, and saved many lives. Her name was Florence Nightingale.

—SELECTED.

BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies are pretty things
Prettier than you or I;
See the colours on his wings—
Who would hurt a butterfly?

Softly, softly, girls and boys;
He'll come near you by and by.
Here he is—don't make a noise—
We'll not hurt you, butterfly.

Not to hurt a living thing
Let all little children try.
See, again he's on the wing:
Good-bye, pretty butterfly.

—ANONYMOUS.

CAPTAIN MANNERS

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, five little children and their father and mother and grandma went to the country to spend their summer holidays.

They were all very busy getting things settled in their little country house. There were not nearly so many rooms as there were in their home in the City, so that all of them had to be very tidy, and to hang away hats, and to put away toys, as soon as they had finished using them. If these things were not done, and by each one and at once, the home in the country would not be as comfortable a place as they had hoped it would be.

This was not always an easy task, and it took some time to find the best place for everything. The children were not at all good-natured about it; they were sometimes in a very bad humour, and very often they quarrelled among themselves.

One day Anna said: "We have quite a large family for such a little house. Just think, eight people!"

Edward said: "Who needs such a big house in the country, silly? Aren't we outdoors most of the time?"

"You think you know all about it, don't you, Mr. Smarty?" said Anna, who was not in a very good temper that day.

"There were nine in our family a little while ago, but one seems to have gone for a walk, because he is not here now," said Grandma, who was not too interested in her book to hear what was going on.

"What do you mean, Grandma!" asked all the five children at once.

"When I was a little girl," said Grandma, "we always took Captain Manners to live with us when we went to the country."

"Did he always stay close to you when you were a little girl, Grandma?" asked Eva.

"No, I am sorry to say he was away very often," said Grandma. "But, after a while

we found we had a much better time if we kept him with us."

"Was Captain Manners a real man, Grandma, or did you just pretend he was there?" asked little Fred. Before Grandma had time to answer Fred said with a merry twinkle: "I know what you mean, Grandma. It was just a game. May we play it the way you did when you were a little girl?"

"Me play too G'a'ma," said baby Alice.

So Grandma told them that Captain Manners was a very nice companion, especially in the holidays when little children had so much time to play, and to do the things they liked. He always smiled and was happy when girls and boys said, "Please" and "Thank you" to each other. The other day he was much pleased to hear Edward say "I am sorry" when, without meaning it, he knocked over Eva's sand castle. He liked to be at the table with the children, and he was delighted to help them when they were tidying their rooms.

"All right, Edward," said Anna, "We'll play that game too, and let's give the old gentleman as few holidays as we can help."

THE FOOLISH WEATHER-VANE



rooster stood on the top of a tall steeple, but he did not crow. He turned round and round, and looked down at the little boats on the sea.

Every morning when the fishermen went down to the sea, they looked up at the rooster. "Which way does the wind blow?" they said, and the weather-vane told them.

If he pointed to the east, the men said: "We must not go to sea to-day." If he pointed to the west, they cried: "This is a good day to go fishing. Come, let us get the boats at once."

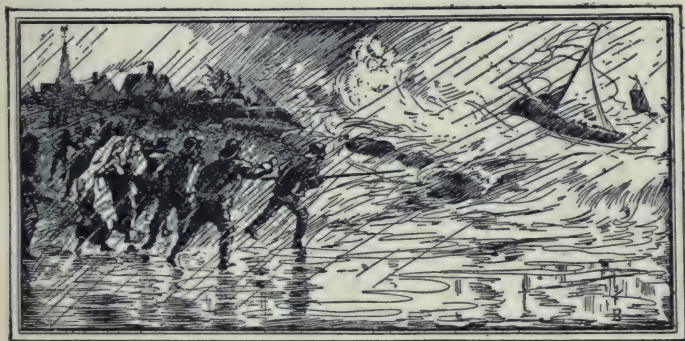
"The men do just as I tell them," thought the rooster. This made him very proud. He was thinking of this one night, when the wind rushed by. "Point west!" it cried.

"Why should I point west?" thought the rooster. "I have always done just as the

wind told me. I shall do so no longer. I stand here to tell the men when to take out their boats. Why should I obey the wind?"

"Point west!" said the wind, "Point west!" But the weather-vane turned to the east.

The fishermen came down to the sea early in the morning. They took out their boats.



Just then one of the men cried: "It seems like a west wind, but look! the rooster is pointing to the east. We must not go to sea."

So they stayed at home, but the sun was bright and no storm came up all day. "What is the matter with the weather-vane?" they said. "We might have gone to sea, after all."

In the night the wind cried to the rooster:

"Point east! Point east! A storm is coming."

"No," said the rooster, and he pointed to the west.

The fishermen came down to the beach in the morning, but only a few went out in their boats.

"Why do not all the men obey me?" thought the proud weather-vane.

Soon a storm came up, and the boats were driven to the shore. The men would have been drowned if their friends had not helped them.

Now the proud rooster was sad. "I wish that I had obeyed the wind," said he. "After this I shall always do as I am told."

Foolish little weather-vane! The fishermen never looked at him again. They could not believe what he told them. Now a new weather-vane stands on another steeple, and the men look at him every morning, for he always obeys the wind.

—SELECTED.

What do little birdies say,
Flying through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away;
Sun or shadow, God is good."

HOW TO DO IT

Do you want to be happy and gay, little
man,

Do you want to be happy and gay?
Then do a kind deed every day, little man,
Then do a kind deed every day.

Do you want to be merry and glad, little
maid,

Do you want to be merry and glad?
Then speak a bright word to the sad, little
maid,
Then speak a bright word to the sad.

Do you want to be healthy and wise, little
folk,

Do you want to healthy and wise?
Then early to bed and to rise, little folk,
Yes, early to bed and to rise.

—ANONYMOUS.

Do you know how many children

Go to little beds at night,
Sleeping there so warm and cosy
Till they wake with morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Knows them all, and knows them well.

SIR BOBBIE

The little boy next door wanted to be a policeman, and the little boy around the corner was going to take tickets at the circus. But whenever Bobbie was asked, "What are you going to be when you grow to be a man?" he always answered proudly: "I'm going to be a knight."

He wanted to be a knight with prancing steed and waving plumes and all the rest. He was only his mother's trusty little boy now, but he would be a knight as soon as possible.

One day he came running into the house with his eyes big and bright. "Oh, mother!" he cried, "there was a big dog on the sidewalk, and there was a little girl there, and he might have bitten her. But I looked very crossly at him, and he went away."

That was when Bobbie began to be a knight.

There is a great deal of use for knights in the world, and Bobbie was kept very busy. Every morning when he and his mother went to market, there was some little girl or cat or dog in trouble, and then it was so fortunate that there was a brave knight around. He coaxed away the butterflies



BOBBY FACES THE BIG BOY

that the boys had caught in bags, and set them free. He carried food to the baby birds that had fallen from the nests in the park. He put every faded flower he found into water. He kept the dog from teasing the cats, and frightened the cats away from the birds.

"I think it is time Bobbie should have a pony," said his mother one day. "How would you like that, Bobbie?"

"Not a plain pony—a steed, mother," begged Bobbie. "Please get me a steed."

"Certainly, a knight must have a steed," said she, laughing. And it was that very day that Bobbie became a knight.

He was on his way home from kindergarten, when he saw a big boy and a very little girl with a doll in her arms. "He broke it," she sobbed, pointing to the big boy, "and he won't let me go home to tell mother."

"I'll stand in front of you, and you run quickly," said Bobbie, and, planting his feet firmly, he faced the big boy, while the little girl ran off.

The big boy raised his stick, but Bobbie looked him straight in the eyes, and the stick came down again. Bobbie stood still for a moment. Then he said earnestly,

"I'm afraid you'll never be a knight, and ran home as fast as he could. He dropped down before his mother's chair with his face in her lap.

"It's very hard work trying to be a knight," he sobbed, when he had told her all about it; "but I will be one."

"Look, Bobbie!" his mother cried, raising the window suddenly. Down the walk came the gardener, and prancing along behind him was a beautiful white pony.

"You have won your spurs fairly, my little boy," said Bobbie's mother, soberly. Then, as she kissed the tear-stained face, she tapped him lightly on the shoulder. "You are a knight, now," she said. "Be always brave, loyal, and true. Rise, Sir Bobbie."

—CLARA PRATT.

LITTLE BLUE EYES

"Little Blue Eyes, oh, Little Blue Eyes,
Where have you been to-day?"

"I've been to the field where the river
runs,
And the men are cutting the hay."

"Little Blue Eyes, oh, Little Blue Eyes,
And what was there to be seen?"

"Two little birds who fluttered and cried
Above the meadow green."

"Little Blue Eyes, oh, Little Blue Eyes,
And why did they flutter and cry?"

"Because their nest was in the grass,
And the men were coming nigh."

"Little Blue Eyes, oh, Little Blue Eyes,
Go on, and tell me the rest."

"I begged the men to leave a patch
Of grass all round the nest."

"Little Blue Eyes, oh, Little Blue Eyes,
And did the men go round?"

"Oh, yes, they were so kind to me,
And the nest is safe and sound."

"Little Blue Eyes, oh, Little Blue Eyes,
And what did the birds do then?"

"They sang a song of sweetest thanks,
And flew to their nest again."

—ANONYMOUS

"How can we help?" said May and Sue,
And little dimpled Pete.

"As roses help," mamma replied,
"Just by being sweet."

THE TWO FOXES

Once there were two foxes who lived together in a great forest. They had never spoken a cross word to each other in their lives. So one day, one of them said, in the politest fox language: "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "just as you please, my dear. But how shall we begin?"

"Oh, it cannot be hard," said the first fox. "The two-legged people fall out and have good times. Why should not we?"

So in all sorts of ways they tried to quarrel, but it could not be done. You see, they were such polite foxes that each would give in to the other.

At last one of them brought two round, smooth stones. "Now," said he, "you say they are yours, and I'll say they are mine. Then we can quarrel about them, and fight and scratch and have a lovely time. I shall begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But you must talk back. We shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the first fox. "Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel? Let us begin once more."

So they tried again.

"I own the whole of this forest," said the first fox.

"You do!" exclaimed the other fox. "Well, then, how do I happen to be here? Of course, I'll get out," he added politely.

"No, indeed, you won't," said the first fox, "for you are my brother, and we share equally. What is yours is mine, and what is mine is yours."

So they gave up the quarrel and never tried to play the silly game again.

—SELECTED.

THE LITTLE ROSE-BUSH.

Good-morrow, little rose-bush!

I pray thee, tell me true,
To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
What must a body do?

To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows and grows and grows and
grows,
And that's what she must do.

—JOEL STACY.

THE BRAMBLE BUSH AND
THE LAMBS

Once there was a little brook where the horses and cows and sheep used to drink. On the banks of the brook sweet flowers grew, and there were many bramble bushes there also.

When the sheep ran down to the water, the brambles caught hold of their wool and pulled out little white shreds of it. That made the bushes look as if they bore little white flowers.

The sheep did not like having their wool torn off. They said that the brambles could not use the wool, and ought not to take it.

The sheep said : " We are quite willing to let the farmer shear all the wool from our backs ; for it is then made into stockings and dresses. We think these bramble bushes of no use in the world. The cows who drink from the brook with us give their milk to the children ; the horses draw carriages and carts, but what kindness did a bramble bush ever do ? "

The bramble bushes said not a word ; but they held the bits of white wool on the tips of their sharp little fingers.

One spring morning the sheep were lying in the grassy meadows near the bramble bushes ; and they heard a beautiful song overhead. It was a bird, who had just come from the sunny South. He was singing his glad thanks for the day. He was singing, too, of his dear nest. He had left it in a tree, last autumn.



After the song, the birds talked about the nest. They said it needed a new lining.

As they flew to the brook for their morning bath, what do you think they saw? They saw the bits of wool on the brambles. The sheep heard them talking of the kind brambles, that had gathered the wool for them to line the nest with.

Then the sheep looked more kindly upon the bramble bushes.

Sometimes there were so many bits of wool that it looked as if they even pushed their heads into the bushes to give them a fresh bit for the birds.

—SARA E. WILTSE.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

Once upon a time, the birds, seeing that the magpie made a fine, strong nest, agreed to ask him how he did it. So they all came to seek his advice.

"Well, I am quite willing to show you," said the magpie. "I first lay two sticks across *so*."

"Yes, yes. I said that was the way," cried the crow.

"Then put a few more like *this*."

"Who does not know that?" said the jay.

"Then fetch a little moss and wool."

"To be sure; why, *we* could do that," sneered the jackdaw.

"O, well," said the magpie, "I see you are just as able to build a nest as I am, so I wish you a very good morning." Then, with a polite bow, he flew away.

He had said nothing of the roof, and so the other birds—all but the sly tomtit—have never learned how to put a roof over their nests.

—SELECTED.

OUR GARDEN

Our garden is a wondrous place,
It's full of fairy stories ;
It changes ev'ry month its face
To show us all its glories.

It's merry when the sun is out,
And frightened, when it thunders ;
And when the moonlight creeps about,
Our garden stares and wonders.

It's just like Fairyland in June ;
The flow'rs make fairy posies ;
The bees set all the air a-tune,
And ev'ry hour brings roses.

When fairies paint it gold and red,
The year is at September ;
Our garden sleeps as though 'twere dead,
Before it knows December,

Then, later on, the paint is white,
It glitters and it glistens :
And bound beneath a spell of light
Our garden lies and listens.

It listens for the sound of spring,
The magic sound of growing ;
It listens for the birds to sing
And tell that winter's going.

Our garden is a wondrous place,
It's full of charm and glory ;
No other has so sweet a face
Or tells so sweet a story.

—ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE BOY AND THE CAKES

Little Boy had been so busy all the morning pretending that he was the orange-man. Some of his blocks were ten-cent oranges and some were five-cent oranges. He knocked at the kitchen door very politely and said: "Good morning, madam."

"Good morning, orange-man," said Mary.

"Have you anything good for me to eat?"

I am a very tired orange-man," said Little Boy, "and it is time for my luncheon."

"You have come just in time," said Mary, and she stooped down and took a big pan out of the oven. When she turned to get a knife, Little Boy peeped into the pan and saw that it was full of beautiful little cakes, sprinkled with caraway seeds. He was so hungry that he forgot to be a nice orange-man and snatched two of the cakes. Just then his mamma came into the kitchen.

"Well, Little Boy," she said, "do you want a cake?" She gave him two cakes and kissed him, and the little boy ran out and never told his mamma he had two cakes in his pocket.

He sat down and spread his four cakes out on his little wagon. Then he looked at them and said: "It's time to eat."

Some one lifted the latch of the gate. Little Boy looked up and saw a tall, hungry big boy looking at him.

"Hello," said the tall boy.

"Hello," said Little Boy.

"Are those your cakes?" said the tall boy. Little Boy nodded.

"Are you going to eat them all?" asked the big boy. Little Boy nodded again.

"Whew! Listen to me," said the tall boy, and Little Boy listened.



THE BIG BOY EXPLAINS

"Did you ever notice anything queer about your stomach?" said the tall boy.

Little Boy looked down at his kilts and said: "No."

"That's funny," said the tall boy. "Well, there is something queer about it. It's a man."

"A man?" said Little Boy.

"Yes," said the tall boy. "He lives in your stomach."

Little Boy's eyes flew so wide open that they looked like the kitten's eyes on a dark night, and he didn't say a word. He just listened.

"He lives in there all the time," said the tall boy. "From morning till night. Only, he can't tell when it is morning and when it is night; it's so dark in there. He doesn't mind that though. The only thing he doesn't like is to be waked up at the wrong time. He sleeps a great deal. He has to; you work him so hard."

Little Boy shook his head. He was just going to say "No, I don't," but the tall boy held up his long finger and looked very wise. "Yes, you do," he said, "you work him until he is tired out. What did you have for breakfast?"

Little Boy thought a minute, and then said: "Porridge and milk."

"Anything else?" said the tall boy.

"A glass of milk and some Johnny cake."

"W-h-ew!" said the tall boy again.
"Anything else?"

"Toast and an apple."

"Listen to that," said the tall boy, "just listen to that! Five different things for breakfast! I should think he would be angry."

"Who would be angry?" said Little Boy.

The tall boy threw out his hands. "Why the man who lives in your stomach, of course," he said. "He had to get up early and get things ready for that breakfast. He had to clean out the elevator."

"The el-e-vator?" said Little Boy.

"Yes," said the tall boy, "the elevator. That's how the toast came down. The milk came in pipes. The pipes had to be cleaned, and the store-room had to be ready. What did you begin with?"

"Apple," said Little Boy.

"Well the little man had to send the elevator up after the apple, didn't he?" said the tall boy. "And you ate so fast, you got great pieces of apple in the hinges of the elevator doors, and they wouldn't shut, and the man had to climb up the ropes and fix

it. Then you didn't wait for him to rest a minute. You threw your porridge and milk right down, and you used a big spoon too, and then you threw the toast down. The little man hurried as fast as he could, but you wouldn't wait for him to get out of the way with his load of toast, and you threw a great piece of Johnny cake right down on his head and made his head ache, and then you said, 'I'm through!' and ran out in the yard and jumped around and mixed him all up, so he couldn't do a thing.

"And now, just as he is lying down for a few minutes' rest, before getting ready for lunch, you're going to wake him up again and make him take care of those cakes. Warm cakes, too—with caraway seeds on them—the very things he hates."

Just then Little Boy's mamma called—
"Little Boy, Little Boy, where are you?"

And Little Boy jumped up and ran in the house. He climbed into his mamma's lap and told her all that the tall boy had told him."

Mamma listened very gravely. "How many cakes were you going to eat?" she asked.

Little Boy held up his right hand with the thumb doubled up.

"Four?" said mamma, raising her eye-

brows very high. "When did you get the others?"

Little Boy hung his head: "I snatched them," he said.

—*Adapted from ANNIE LAURIE*

*From "The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill,"
by kind permission of William Doxey.*

THE BOY AND THE NUTS

A little boy once found a pitcher of nuts on the table. "I should like some of those nuts," he thought. "I am sure Mamma would give them to me if she were here. I like nuts so much that I shall take a big handful."

So he put his hand into the pitcher and grasped as many nuts as he could hold. When he tried to draw out the handful of nuts, he found that the neck of the pitcher was too small. His hand was held fast, but he did not wish to drop the nuts. He tried again and again, but he could not take out the handful of nuts. At last he began to cry.

Just then his mother came into the room. "What is the matter, my child?" she said. "Why do you cry?"

"I cannot take this handful of nuts out of the pitcher," said the boy.

"If you take out two or three nuts at



a time," said his mother, "you will soon have a handful."

"How easy it is," said the boy, when he had filled his pockets. "I might have thought of that myself."

—SELECTED.



THE SNOW-PEOPLE

The little snow-people are hurrying down
From cloudland overhead ;
They are working as hard as ever they can,
Putting the world to bed.

All trees in fleecy gowns they clothe,
The stones are pillows of white ;
O'er all the ground soft quilts they lay
Before they bid good-night.

So they come eagerly climbing down
With swift and silent tread,
Ever as busy as busy can be,
Putting the world to bed.

—ESTHER W. BUXTON

THE LITTLE RAINDROPS

For a long, long time there had been no rain. The grass was dry and brown, the roads were dusty, and the flowers of the garden seemed ready to die from heat and thirst.

A little raindrop looked down from the

cloud, and grew sad and heavy to see how much work was to be done. "Dear me! Dear me!" she said, "I can surely do no good by falling on that dusty road."

"That is quite true," said another rain-drop. "One would only lose oneself on such a day as this."

"Then let us stay where we are," said three or four drops together. "It is much more pleasant sailing around here than lying in those hot fields."

"What is the matter?" said the mother-cloud. "Of course you are going down to gladden the flowers. One of you can do but very little, but all together you can be of great use."

Then the thunder rolled across the sky, and the little drops set out together on their long race to the ground. "Not so fast! not so fast!" said the mother-cloud. "The first drops must fall softly and gently. Then the rest may follow in a great shower."

"Did you feel that?" said the drooping lily to the rose. "I am sure I felt a rain-drop. Yes, and there is another, and another. Cheer up, my pretty sister, we shall have a drink after all."

The little plants bent their heads so that the warm rain might find its way down to

their roots. How cool and fresh it was when the dust was all washed away! How glad the little rootlets were to drink in the rain and send it up to the pretty flowers!

When the rain had passed, the sun came out from behind the cloud. The flowers all came out and smiled. The grass, now that it was washed, began to show its little blades of green. The birds began to sing in the tree-tops. Tom came out with his little sister Nell to paddle in the water which was running down the ditches. Everybody and everything seemed so very, very happy.

Then one of the raindrops at the foot of the rose-bush said to its neighbours: "Our mother was right after all. One of us alone could do very little, but all of us together have been of great use. I am so much happier now when the sweet red rose is smiling at me."

—SELECTED.

If you, in the morning, throw minutes away,
You can't pick them up in the course of
the day.

You may hurry and scurry,
And flurry and worry,
But you've lost them forever,
Forever and aye.

WHAT TOMMY LOST

When Tommy came down to breakfast,
Oh my, but he was a sight !
And we wondered what had happened to
him
During the night.

He must have lost it when dressing,
Or maybe left it in bed :
We asked him what he had done with it—
He shook his head.

We had lived with him seven summers,
But never missed it before ;
So mamma sent him upstairs again,
To look on the floor.

We heard him up there rummaging
For, it seemed, a long, long while,
But when he came down he had it on—
That sweet old smile.

Some folks wouldn't think it a great find,
I suppose, nor much of a loss—
But they don't know how Tommy looks
When he is cross.

—From LITTLE FOLKS.

*By kind permission of Samuel Edson
Cassino.*

TOMMY'S LESSON

Tommy True was a careless boy. He was often late at school. Sometimes he was even late for dinner.

One day his mother said: "Tommy, I have bought some fairy shoes for you. Would you like to put them on?"

"Oh, yes, mother!" he answered. "I should like to wear a pair of fairy shoes."

"Well, then," said his mother, "here they are. If you wear them, you must take care never to be late at school."

"Why so, mother?"

"They will pinch your feet if you are late, or if you are not careful about your lessons."

Tommy looked at the shoes. They were very strong and well made. He tried them on, and they were just the right size for him.

"I won't be late, mother," he said; and he ran to school, as happy as he could be.

But the very next morning Tommy was careless again. The field by the road was yellow with buttercups. "How pretty they are!" he said to himself. "I wonder if I may dare to get one. Yes, I shall pick one."

He laid his books down and ran into the field. His shoes began to pinch his feet, but he did not care. The ground was soft and wet; it would not bear him up. His feet sank in the mud. He lost his fairy shoes.

"Well, I'm glad they're gone," he said. There were so many buttercups, and he wanted them all. So he picked till his hands were full of them. At last, with bare feet, he went on to school. But he was very, very late.

All the other children were in their places; and there, too, were Tommy's shoes, right where he ought to be. The shoes were very muddy, and each had a little buttercup in it.

"Well, Tommy, you are late again," said the teacher. "Put on your shoes."

Tommy put them on. Then he had to go to the foot of the class. He did not know his lessons. The shoes pinched his feet. He was not at all happy. "I think I'll take them off, they hurt me so," he said.

So he stooped down and took them off. But as soon as they were off, they went trip-trap, trip-trap, to the head of the class. "See!" said the teacher. "The fairy shoes will stay there till you work up to them."

Every day the shoes were there at the

head of the class. Tommy had to stand in his bare feet till he could work his way up to them.

Now you must not think that Tommy was a bad boy. He loved flowers, he loved books, he loved all things fair and beautiful. He wished to do right, but he would forget. The fairy shoes helped him to think. They would not let him forget. By and by he did so well that he could wear them again. At last he learned to be always in the right place at the right time.

—JAMES BALDWIN AND IDA C. BENDER.

From "Baldwin and Bender's Second Reader," by kind permission of The American Book Company.

LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR

Golden Hair sat on her grandfather's knee—

Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,
For she'd been as busy as busy could be ;

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies
bright,
Flitting about till the coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head ;

“What has my baby been doing,” he said,
“Since she arose with the sun from her bed ?”

“Oh, ever so much !” said the sweet little one.

“I can not tell all the things I have done :
I played with my doll, and I worked in the sun.

“I read a long time in my picture book ;
And then I took Alice and went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

“At last I came home just in time for tea,
And I climbed upon my grandpapa’s knee,
And I am as tired as tired can be.”

Nearer and nearer the little head pressed,
Until it lay upon grandfather’s breast—
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest !

—ANONYMOUS.

If you wish to be happy
All the day,
Make some one else happy—
That’s the way.

SOMETHING WORTH KEEPING

“I never can keep anything!” cried Edith, stamping her feet because she could not find her scissors. “Somebody always takes my things away and loses them.”

“There is one thing,” said her mamma, “that I think you might keep if you would try.”

“I should like to keep even one thing,” answered Edith.

“Well then, my dear, keep your temper. If you had used your time in searching for the lost scissors, you might have found them before this. Keep your temper, Edith, even if you lose all the little things you have. Getting into a passion never brings anything to light except an unhappy face.”

Edith began to think; she got over her ill-humour, searched for her scissors, and found them in her own work-bag.

“Why, mamma,” she exclaimed, “here they are. I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper.”

—SELECTED.

Not how much, but how well.

WORK AND PLAY



It was a beautiful spring day. The birds sang in the tree-tops. The fields were full of flowers. The daisies and buttercups looked at the bright sun. The butterflies and bees flew over the clover.

"Oh dear!" sighed little Mabel. "I wish that I had a playmate."

Just then a bee flew down to the clover. "Oh, little bee!" said Mabel. "I am glad to see you. Have you come to play with me?"

"Buzz, buzz!" said the bee. "I cannot stop to play. The clover is full of honey and I must gather it to-day."

Poor Mabel walked slowly down the road. "Cheer up, cheer up!" sang a robin from her nest in the tree.

"Good morning, Mrs. Robin," said the child. "I will cheer up, if you will come and play with me. I asked the bee to come, but bees are always busy."

"I, too, am busy," said the robin. "There are four blue eggs in this nest. I must keep them warm under my soft breast. Ask the squirrel to play with you."

"Come, little gray squirrel," said Mabel. "Do not play all day in the trees. Come and play with me. I shall give you a pretty cage for a home, and feed you with corn and nuts."

"I am not playing, little girl," said the squirrel. "I am running to my home in the hollow tree. Don't you hear my babies calling me? I must feed them and teach them to run and jump."

Mabel ran to the brook in the meadow. "Stop, stop, pretty water!" she cried. "I wish that you would stop and play with me. You have no work to do."

"Oh, yes, I have," said the brook. "I water the grass and flowers in the meadow. I make a home for the fishes. The cows drink the clear water and the ducks come here to swim. But I cannot stop to talk; I must run on and turn the mill-wheel."

Then Mabel ran home to her mother. "Dear Mamma," she said, "I should like to work. Please let me help you. I asked the bee, the robin, the squirrel, and the brook to play with me. They were very

busy, and they were happy with their work. I think that I should be happy, too, if I were as busy as a bee."

—SELECTED.

IF I KNEW

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,

No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,

'Twould open, I know, for me ;
Then over the land and sea broadcast

I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast

For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough

To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would gather them, every one,

From nursery, school, and street ;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in

And turn the monster key,
And hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—MAUD WYMAN,

IN A MINUTE

Little May had one bad habit. If you asked her to do anything, she would say: "In a minute."

If her mother said, "May, dear, bring me my coat," she would say, "Yes, mother, in a minute." And even if her father called her for a ride, it was the same. She never did at once what she was told to do.

One day May's bird was flying about the room. Some one went out and left the door open.

Her mother said: "Shut the door, my dear."

"Yes, mother, in a minute," said May. "I only want to finish this story."

But the cat did not wait. In she came, and with one jump had the bird in her mouth. Down went the book on the floor, and away ran May after the cat. Very shortly she came back crying, with the dead bird in her hand.

Her mother was sad, too, but she said: "My dear little girl, you see that a great many things may happen in a minute."



THE DEAD BIRD

From the painting by Greuze.

It was a sad lesson for May, but it was one she did not forget.

—LAURA E. RICHARDS.

*From "Five Minute Stories," by kind
permission of Dana Estes & Company.*

A CERTAIN BOY

I know a little bright-eyed boy
Who lives not far away,
And though he is his mother's joy,
He plagued her, too, they say.
For when his task he's bid to do,
He sits him down and cries, "Boo-hoo!
I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!"

Yes! whether he's to practise well,
Or do his horrid sums,
Or "Hippopotamus" to spell,
Or clean to wash his thumbs:
It matters not, for with a frown
The corners of his mouth go down,—
I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!

Oh! what a joyful day it will be
For mother and for son,
When smiling looks they both shall see
Beneath the smiling sun.

For in his heart he knows 't is stuff,
And knows that if he tries enough,
He can! he can! he can! he can! he can!

—LAURA E. RICHARDS.

From "Five Minute Stories," by kind permission of Dana Estes & Company.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

It was Christmas Eve. The wind was blowing hard and drifting the snow into big heaps. Carl's mother was poor, but that did not prevent her little boy from being happy.

Carl had gone to bed and was lying awake. He had hung up his stocking, but he was not wondering what Santa Claus would bring. He was planning what he would do for his mother on Christmas day.

The wind drifted the fine snow through the cracks around the window of his little bed-room.

"Mother! Mother!" he called.

"What is it, Carl?"

"The snow is drifting in on my face," said Carl.

His mother came into the room, and there she saw the fine snow falling over Carl's black hair and on the bed. She got some paper and pushed it into the cracks at the side of the window. That seemed to stop the snow from coming in, and she went back to her work.

"I feel it coming in yet, Mother," he called to her.

What else could she do? She thought of an old door that was leaning against the fence. She went out and got the door, and placed it against the little window. When she came into the room, she was glad to find that the door had stopped the drifting.

After a while she heard Carl's voice again. "Mother! Mother!"

"Well! what is it now, Carl?"

"I was just wondering what the poor boys will do that have no door to lean against the cracks to keep out the snow."

—SELECTED.

Whene'er a task is set for you,
Don't idly sit and view it;
Nor be content to wish it done;—
Begin at once and do it.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Little ones so merry
Bedclothes coyly lift,
And in such a hurry,
Prattle "Christmas gift!"

Little heads so curly,
Knowing Christmas laws,
Peep out very early
For old "Santa Claus."

Hearts are joyous, cheerful,
Faces all are gay;
None are sad and tearful
On bright Christmas Day.

One vast wave of gladness
Sweeps its world-wide way,
Drowning every sadness
On this Christmas Day.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Haste around the earth;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Scatter smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to one and all!
Merry, merry Christmas,
Enter hut and hall.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to rich and poor!
Merry, merry Christmas,
Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Fill each heart with joy!
Merry, merry Christmas,
To each girl and boy.

—FATHER RYAN.

A LITTLE WONDER

Janie and Josie and Joe were three little children. Josie and Joe were the eldest and they were very fond of their little sister. Janie had never gone to school, but her mother had taught her at home, and she soon learned to read and write and count. Her brother and sister were very proud of her and thought her very clever indeed. They used to say: "Isn't Janie a little wonder?" In a little while Janie began to think that they were quite right, and that she really was a little wonder.

One summer Janie's papa and mamma had to go away from home and spend the summer in a small town near some mines.

Janie's papa owned the mines, and he told her that some day he would give her a big piece of gold.

The little town was the very one where their mamma had lived when she was a little girl. A dear little old lady whom they learned to call Aunt Ackie had taught their mamma, and she said she would teach Josie and Joe.

One day Josie and Joe said: "Please, Aunt Ackie, may our little sister Janie come to your little school too? She has never gone to school, but she is such a little wonder that she can read and write."

Now Aunt Ackie had her wee little school out in her garden under the trees, so she said that Janie could come too. When Janie came next day with Josie and Joe, Aunt Ackie said: "So Janie is a little wonder, is she?" And they said: "Oh! yes, Janie is a little wonder; she can do lots of things."

"Well, if Janie is a little wonder," said little Aunt Ackie, "she may sit in this rocking-chair while I teach Josie and Joe long division, and she may count the leaves and the peaches and tell me how many there are."

So Janie sat down and counted and counted and counted. Then she fell asleep.

When she woke up Josie and Joe had

gone home, and Aunt Ackie was not in the garden. So Janie went into the house and when she found Aunt Ackie she said: "I know the answer, Aunt Ackie." "Well, Janie, if you know the answer," said Aunt Ackie, "you are indeed a little wonder."



Then Janie said: "Indeed I cannot count the peaches, and only God knows how many leaves there are on all the trees. And I am not a little wonder at all, Aunt Ackie, but just an ordinary little girl."

—SELECTED.

From "Precious Janie," by kind permission of The Century Company.

IN TRUST

It's coming, boys,
It's almost here ;
It's coming, girls,
The Grand New Year !

A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in ;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in ;

A year for trying,
And not for sighing ;
A year for striving
And hearty thriving ;

A bright new year.
Oh ! hold it dear ;
For God who sendeth
He only lendeth.

—MARY MAPES DODGE.

Twenty-four hours make a day,
Time for work and sleep and play ;
In every week are seven days
To do God's will and sing His praise.

THE LITTLE PINE TREE

A little pine tree grew in the woods. Its leaves were long green needles. But the little tree did not like the long needles. "I wish that I had beautiful leaves," it thought. "I do not care for leaves such as the other trees have. If I could have my wish, I would have leaves of shining gold."

Night came, and the little tree went to sleep. In the morning it had leaves of gold. "How beautiful I am!" it thought. "How my leaves shine in the sun! Now I shall always be happy."

Foolish little pine tree! It was not happy long. In the night a man came to the woods with a bag. He picked off all the leaves and took them home with him.

Then the poor little tree had no leaves. "What shall I do?" it cried. "I shall not wish for gold leaves again. How pretty glass leaves would look! They would shine in the sun, but the man would not take them. I wish that I could have leaves of glass."

When the sun peeped over the hill it looked at the little pine tree. All the trees

looked at it, too. How beautiful it was! It had glass leaves now, and they sparkled in the bright sunshine.

The little tree was happy all the morning. Then black clouds hid the sun and the rain came down. The tree shivered in the wind. When the shower was over, there were no glass leaves to sparkle in the sunshine. The wind had broken every one, and they lay on the ground under the bare branches.

"I will not wish again to be better than my friends," cried the pine tree. "If I had big green leaves like theirs, I should be happy."

Then the tree went to sleep. When it awoke in the morning, it looked like the other trees. But the big leaves looked so good that a goat ate every one for his dinner.

"Alas!" cried the little tree. "A man took my leaves of gold. The wind broke my leaves of glass. A goat ate my green leaves. I wish that I had my long, green needles again."

The next morning the birds flew to the little tree. They were very happy to see it covered with long needles. "Now we can build our nests here," they said.

"Yes," said the tree. "I shall hide your

nests with my needles, and in the winter I shall make a warm home for you. Gold leaves, glass leaves, or green leaves are not so good as needles for a little pine tree."

—SELECTED.

THE SPOILED CHILD

"Let us play you are my mother;
Let me be your little girl;
You must pet me, you must love me,
Comb my hair and make it curl.

"You must not forget to call me
When my dinner, nice, is done.
You must buy me many toys,
So that I can have some fun.

"You must take me to the circus,
You can wheel me in a chair;
You must buy me fruit and peanuts
And some candy, when we're there.

"You must make me pretty dresses,
You must buy a pretty hat."

"No, I will not play the mother
For a little girl like that.

"Let me be the little daughter,
 You can play the mother dear;
 I will try my best to please you,
 Though you think it very queer.

"I will help you cook the dinner,
 I will try to learn to sew;
 I am big enough to walk,
 When away from home we go.

"I will comb my hair and curl it.
 I will try to dress myself;
 Keep my hats and clothes in place,
 Where they belong, upon the shelf.

"That's the way to play the daughter,
 To a mother good and kind;
 Try to help her all you can,
 Try to please her, try to mind."

—EMMA L. ELDRIDGE.

*From "A Child's Reader in Verse," by
 kind permission of the American
 Book Company.*

How can a little child be merry
 In snowy, blowy January?
 By each day doing what is best,
 By thinking, working for the rest
 So can a little child be merry
 In snowy, blowy January.

WHEN LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

Little Boy lived on one side of the fence and Little Girl lived on the other side. Sometimes they played together in the little boy's garden.

One day they had a party under the big rose bush, and there were four chairs at the table because Little Girl's dolly and Little Boy's puppy were invited too. They enjoyed themselves very much, but after a time they got tired of playing.

Then Little Girl thought about the hole in the fence on the other side of the garden. They had been told they must not go through it because the man who lived there did not like little boys and girls to come into his garden. But Little Girl said: "Let us go through and see what it is like out there."

Little Boy looked at it and then he looked at his mother's window. He saw that it was closed, and as he really wanted to go very much, he said: "I'll go just for a minute." The puppy seemed to think it would be fun to go too. He did not wait for them, but ran on ahead.

When the two little children had crawled through the hole, a little bird came hopping

along the ground. She was dragging one wing, as if it were broken. She seemed to say: "Don't go, don't go." They thought she was a witch and they wanted to go back, but as puppy wouldn't go back, they had to follow him.

Then they came to a little pond and some one said: "'Tain't deep, 'tain't deep," and a little, green frog looked up from the water and winked at them. They were just going to take off their shoes and stockings and wade in the water when the little green frog hopped out of the water and sat on a log beside a great big frog. When they looked at big frog, he opened and shut his eyes in such a wise way and said in a gruff voice: "You'll be drowned, you'll be drowned."

Now, when a little bird acted in such a funny way and a little green frog talked and winked, and a big frog scolded, Little Boy and Little Girl thought the country they had come to through the hole in the fence must be a fairy land.

They were so frightened that they took hold of each other's hands and ran as fast as they could, and puppy came running after them to the hole in the fence. Little Boy thought to himself that he must be brave and not cry, because he had to take care of,

Little Girl, and, besides, that day was his birthday and he felt he was really Big Boy now.

They were very glad when they crawled through the fence and found themselves in their own nice garden, and they thought they would never run away again.

—*Adapted from ANNIE LAURIE.*

From "The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill," by kind permission of William Doxey.

ALLAN'S DOLLAR

Every time Allan shovelled the snow off the path he was to get five cents. He marked the date each time he shovelled the snow. When the card showed twenty times, his father gave him a dollar. Never before had he had so much money of his own at once. He was happy in planning what he would do with it.

The next week he was returning from school one evening when some boys began snow-balling him. He made a hard snow-ball and threw it back at them with all his might. The ball missed the boys, but struck a window-pane and broke it.

The people in the house heard the crash of the glass and hurried to the door to find out the cause. But all the boys had run away so quickly that not one of them was to be seen.

At first Allan was afraid that he would be found out. His next feeling was that



of shame at running away like a coward. "It was their fault," he said to himself; "if they had not thrown at me, I should not have thrown at them." This excuse did not set his mind at rest. The more he thought of it, the more unhappy he felt.

At last he thought of his dollar. "I

shall give it to the people at the house, and tell them I am sorry that I broke their window."

He went home, got his dollar, returned with it to the house, and rang the door-bell. A man came to the door. "I am the boy who broke your window. I am sorry that I did it. Here is a dollar to pay for it."

The man took the dollar, asked Allan his name, and where he lived. He asked him, too, why he threw the snowball, and how he got the money. Allan told him the truth and went home feeling happy again.

When Allan came home from school next day he heard that the man had been to see his father. In the evening, as he was going to his room to prepare his lessons for the next day, his father called him into his study. He asked Allan about the broken pane of glass, and Allan told him all about it. Then his father said: "The gentleman was here to-day and told me that you had paid for the glass. I am very pleased with you, my boy, and I am glad to know that when you have done wrong, you are not afraid to confess it."

Allan is now a grown-up man. Sometimes he makes a speech to the boys. When he tells them this story, he adds:

“Now, boys, I have told you a true story. I date my success in life from the time I made up my mind to tell the truth about the broken pane.”

—SELECTED.

THE SNOWBIRD

The ground was all covered
With snow one day,
And two little sisters
Were busy at play.
A snowbird was sitting
Close by on a tree
And merrily singing
His chickadee-dee—
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee,
And merrily singing
His chickadee-dee !

He had not been singing
That tune very long
When Emily heard him,
So loud was his song.
“Oh, sister, look out of
The window,” said she,
“Here’s a dear little bird
Singing chickadee-dee,

Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee—
Here's a dear little bird
Singing chickadee-dee.

“Oh, mother, do get him
Some stockings and shoes,
And a warm little coat,
And a hat if he choose.
I wish he'd come into
The parlour and see
How warm we could make him,
Poor chickadee-dee!
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!
How warm we could make him,
Poor chickadee-dee.”

The bird had flown down
For some pieces of bread,
And heard every word
Little Emily said.
“How queer I would look
In that coat,” thought he;
And he laughed as he warbled
His chickadee-dee—
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!
He laughed as he warbled
His chickadee-dee.

‘There is ONE, my dear child,
Though I cannot tell Who,

That has clothed me already,
And warm enough too!—
Good morning! Good morning!
Oh, who are so free—
Oh, who are so happy,
As chickadee-dee?
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee,
Oh, who are so happy,
As chickadee-dee?"

—ANONYMOUS.

HELEN KELLER

Can you imagine a little child who could not see the flowers or the sunshine or the people she loved? And suppose this little child, besides not being able to see, could not hear any one speak, and could not speak to any one herself.

This is the story of a little girl named Helen Keller, who was born in Alabama, one of the Southern States.

Helen Keller was not different from other little babies when she was born. She had two blue eyes that could see. She learned to talk sooner than most children, because she could say "How d'ye" when she was six months old. That showed

that she could hear; because babies learn to talk by hearing big people talk. And when she was a year old, she could walk. You can see from this that Helen was a very clever little child.

When she was a year and a half old, she had a cruel fever. And when she was well and able to walk again, she could not see out of her blue eyes or hear with her ears. Then when she could neither see nor hear, she soon forgot how to talk.

She learned after a time to nod her head for "Yes," to shake it for "No," to pull her mother's dress for "Come," and to push her for "Go."

She learned, through feeling with her hands, that her father put glasses on his eyes and held a paper in front of them and saw it. She put his glasses on, and when she found they did not help her to see, she became very angry. She hated her dog because he could not understand her. She hated her baby sister because she took all the room on her mother's lap. Sometimes she even hated her mother. In fact, Helen became so very naughty and had such a bad temper that she was very like an untrained little animal.

At last her father took her to a doctor in Baltimore. He could do nothing to help

her, but he told her parents of a way that deaf and dumb and blind children could be taught to read, to talk on their fingers, and to understand what people said to them.

A very kind lady named Miss Sullivan, who knew how to teach these things, said that she would teach Helen. You may be sure that this was not easy, but her teacher was very patient and kind to the poor little girl.

At last one day Helen happened to put her hand in the water as it came out of the pump, and when Miss Sullivan spilled water on her hand she knew what it meant. She was so happy when she found this new thing that she jumped up and down and ran about the yard touching each thing and holding out her hand to learn its name. In this way she learned the name of the grass, the stones, and the flowers. Then she learned that love is a happy feeling in the heart, and she was no longer a little animal child, but loving and kind and gentle.

After this it was not so difficult to teach Helen. She was so glad to learn about everything that she was not afraid of anything. After awhile she learned not only to talk with her fingers, but to speak as other little girls do. To do this she

put her hands on her teacher's throat and lips to feel their position while saying a word. Then she tried to make her own throat and lips do the same thing. At last one day she made herself and her teacher very happy by saying: "It is warm."

When Helen was twelve, Miss Sullivan took her to visit Wellesley College, near Boston. "Some day," said brave, blind little Helen, "I shall go to college too."

She began to study for college, and although she took longer than other girls would take she did go at last. Since then she has learned many other things, and can speak so well that she can travel and talk to people from a public lecture platform.

And all this has been done because a little blind and deaf and dumb girl took as her motto: "I will try again and yet again."

—SELECTED.

A LITTLE ROGUE

There's a little rogue that tarries
In the heart of every child,
And he causes lots of trouble,
Though he seems so meek and mild.

When a child neglects his errands,
Playing when a lad should not,
Prompts a little rogue within him,
And he answers, "I forgot."

When a lassie shirks her lessons
For a book she wants to read,
When her task she leaves to mother,
And requests she fails to heed,
When the little deeds of kindness
She might do, she doeth not,
Then the little rogue it whispers,
And she answers, "I forgot."

—ANONYMOUS.

THE CLEAN BOOK

One day a teacher gave out new books to the boys and girls in his school. They were pretty new books, with bright covers and clean pages.

"Now, children," said he, "you will begin new reading-books to-day. We shall work at them for a month, and then I will give a prize to the best child in the school."

He took the prize out of his desk and showed it to the children. It was a beauti-



IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM

ful book. The cover was of red and gold, and it was full of pretty pictures.

"Oh, I hope I shall get that fine prize," said each child to itself. All the boys and girls made up their minds to try hard for the next month. How fine to carry that book home as the winner!

"All the month," said the teacher, "each child shall keep the same book. I shall put numbers on the books, so that each one shall be sure to have the same book to read from every day."

At the end of the month the day of trial came. How quiet the children were, as every boy and girl read in turn! It was quite plain who was the best reader. No one could read so well as Tom Brown.

"Tom is the best reader of us all," thought the children; "Tom will be sure to have the prize." The teacher went round and looked at every book. Then he walked back to his desk and took out the prize. How pretty it looked!

"This prize," said the teacher, "will go to Patty Lee." The children all looked at each other. Why, Patty Lee was not the best reader at all.

The teacher smiled. "I know what you are thinking," he said, "and you are quite right. Patty is not the best reader. But I

did not say I should give the prize to the best reader. I said I should give it to the best child. Now, Patty has been trying hard all the month, and she reads very nicely, but she does not win the prize for that. Tom Brown reads much better. But Patty's book is as clean as the day it was new. There is not a dirty finger-mark in it. There is not a corner turned up. Now, who else can say that?"

No one spoke, and some of the children grew very red. They had not thought of things like that.

"You see," went on the teacher, "that Patty not only has come to school every day with clean hands, but she has also been very careful with her book. And, above all, she was not thinking to win the prize by being so careful. For you all thought the prize would go to the best reader. Thus it is plain that Patty was clean for the sake of being clean, and so she deserves the prize more than ever."

After that, all the children tried to keep their books as clean as Patty Lee kept hers. I wonder if you have been doing the same. How does this book look?

—JOHN FINNEMORE.

*From "Black's Literary Readers, Book I,"
by kind permission of Adam and Charles
Black.*

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

I studied my tables over and over, and
backward and forward too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and
not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while,
you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favourite, Mary Ann (though
I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a
perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four"
a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the
answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who
always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I
nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
For I thought of my doll and—sakes
alive!—I answered "Mary Ann!"

—ANNA M. PRATT.

WHEN BOBBY DID AS HE LIKED

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Bobby who liked to play all the time. When the dinner gong sounded the little boy always wanted to play just a minute longer. His mother was in despair because he would not take time to make himself tidy.

In the morning he stayed in bed just a minute too long and came downstairs without his hair brushed. At noon he played so long that he did not wash his hands as clean as he should have.

And so it was all day, till at last his mother said: "I do not know just what to do with Bobby. He will not be clean, and he will not keep his clothes clean and tidy. I believe I shall try letting him do as he likes for one day."

So next day Bobby was surprised and pleased when he came downstairs and nobody said, "Bobby, you forgot to brush your hair;" and nobody said, "Let me see your teeth and finger-nails."

At noon when Bobby came home to lunch nobody told him that his shoes were muddy. He really would have liked to tell his mother about his top going into the

mud and about having to go after it. But he didn't say a word for fear of reminding her of something she seemed to have forgotten.

After school it was just the same. Mother was at home but she did not seem to see that his coat was torn at the corner of the pocket, and that his hands were a great deal dirtier than they had been at noon.

Mother had on one of her prettiest dresses and she did look so nice that Bobby didn't feel at all comfortable. He thought that he would go round to the back garden and feed his rabbits, and perhaps stay there a little while.

He had been there only a few minutes when Mother called: "Come quickly, Bobby. Uncle George has to go across the river and thinks you might like to drive."

Bobby looked at his hands and his clothes and his boots. He could not see his cap and his hair and his face, but he thought that if they were like what he could see they would not look very well in Uncle George's newly-painted buggy behind his well-brushed horse with the shiny harness.

"Will he wait a minute till I tidy myself?" asked Bobby.

"No dear, he said he hadn't time to get out of the buggy even for a minute," said Mother.

"Well, then, Mother, you will have to tell Uncle George I cannot go. I'm sorry. But I cannot let him even see me looking like this."

After Mother went back into the house, Bobby sat quite still for a long time on a box beside the rabbits. At first he was too disappointed to think about anything. But at last he jumped up and with a twinkle in his eye he said to himself: "I see through it now. That's a game two can play at."

When the dinner-gong sounded, Bobby was in the dining-room as soon as anybody. And such a jolly-looking Bobby too! He and Mother looked at each other, and both understood even if neither of them said a word.

—SELECTED.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
 As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.
 "One of us here would not be felt,
 One of us here would quickly melt;
 But I'll help you, and you help me,
 And then what a splendid drift there'll be."

THE BOY AND THE RIVER

A boy who lived in the country was sent one day to the town to sell some butter and eggs. On his way he came to a river, and he lay down on the green bank to rest. He watched the birds flying from tree to



tree, and the clouds sailing across the blue sky. Then he looked at the river. "How fast the water flows," he thought. "I wonder how long it will take it to run by. I think I shall wait and see."

The little boy sat on the bank all day. At night the river was as full of water as it had been in the morning. When it began

to grow dark, he picked up his basket and ran home.

"Where have you been, my child?" asked his mother. "Why have you not sold your butter and eggs?"

"When I was going to town I saw a beautiful river. The water was flowing so fast that I thought it would soon run by. I waited all day, but the river is still full of water."

"You will never sell your butter if you wait for that, my child," said his mother. "The water in the river flows swiftly on for ever."

—SELECTED.

THE DINING TABLE

It's the best place for dishes,
For bread and for meat,
For silver and glasses,
For good things to eat.

But the dining-room table,
As everyone knows,
Was never intended
For little elbows.

*From—*ST. NICHOLAS.

*By kind permission of The Century
Company.*

QUEEN VICTORIA

Nearly a hundred years ago in England a baby girl was born who was some day to be the Queen of Great Britain. Her father was the brother of King George IV, who was then on the throne. But she was not wealthy as little princesses are supposed to be, and she had no brothers or sisters.

When she was a month old, she was named Victoria Alexandrina, but because that was such a long name her parents called her Drina.

When she was four years old she did not want to be called "Drina," but told everybody they must call her "Victoria." The first letter she wrote she signed "Victoria," and if you go to London, you may see it in a great museum there.

Her mother was very wise, and would not let any one tell the little girl she some day might be a Queen. She had to live on plain food, to study many lessons, and to go to bed early.

Her father died when she was very young. She and her mother were very happy together, and were never away from each other until the little girl became Queen.

She was very fond of dolls and dressed them herself. She dressed several to look like ladies in other countries. Some of her dolls are kept in the museum now.

One day when she was out walking with her nurse she saw a very pretty doll in a shop window. She wanted it very much, but she had spent all her money for that month, and she knew her mother would not give her any more. So she went into the shop and asked the man to keep it until she had saved enough money to buy it.

The kind shop-keeper put the doll away, and the little princess carefully saved all her pennies until she had enough to buy it. Then she went to the shop at seven o'clock in the morning and patiently waited until the door was open. She was a very happy little girl when she carried her treasure home.

Little Victoria had many lessons to learn. She had to learn to speak many languages, to write well, and to study music and drawing. Sometimes she grew very tired of her lessons and was naughty like other little girls. But she was always truthful even about her faults.

“Was my little girl good this morning?”

asked her mother one day at the end of school hours.

"Well, madame, she was perhaps a little naughty once," replied her teacher.

"No," said little Victoria sadly, "I was naughty twice, don't you remember?"

When she was a very little girl, she was taken to see her uncle, the King. The King liked the gentle little girl with the quiet voice and pretty manners.

He took her for a drive around the royal gardens, and when he asked her what she would like the band to play, she shyly answered, "I should like 'God Save the King,' if you please."

She became Queen of England when she was eighteen. The little girl who had so patiently and obediently done the things that little girls should do, and who had always done well everything that she had to do, became one of the wisest rulers Great Britain has ever had.

—SELECTED.

If you should frown and I should frown,
 While walking out together;
 The happy folks about the town
 Would say: "The clouds are settling
 down,
 In spite of pleasant weather."

HEEDLESS PET

Once upon a time there was a little girl, just like you, who couldn't count two. And she had a dreadful time about it ! She did not know she had two feet, so she sometimes forgot to put on both her shoes ; she did not know she had two eyes, so she sometimes went to sleep with one eye, and stayed awake with the other ; she did not know she had two ears, so she sometimes heard one half of what Mamma said, but did not hear the other.

One day Mamma called to her and said : " Pet, I want you to take this syrup and put it in my closet ! "

Now Pet was listening with only one ear, and so she heard only the first half of what Mamma said : " I want you to take this syrup. " That was what she heard.

She liked the syrup very much, for she had ten drops in a teaspoon whenever she had a sore throat, and she had always wished Mamma would give her more.

And now she was just to " take it. " That must mean to take the whole bottle, if she liked. She put the bottle to her lips and took a good long draught. It was more than half empty when she stopped to take

breath, and then,—the syrup did not seem to taste good any longer. She put the bottle down.

Oh—dear—me! In about ten minutes Pet was the very sickest little girl you ever saw in your life. Mamma put her to bed



and sent for the doctor, and she had to take four different kinds of medicine before she was well, not one of which tasted good at all.

So now, you see, it is a very good plan for little girls to learn to count two.

—LAURA E. RICHARDS.

From "Five Minute Stories," by kind permission of Dana Estes & Company.

A SPRING MORNING

Get up, little sister, the morning is bright.
And the birds are all singing to welcome
the light ;

The buds are all opening—the dew's on
the flower ;

If you shake but a branch—see ! there falls
quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers—look ! under
the trees,

How the young lambs are playing about as
they please ;

And by all the rings on the water, I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

Get up, for when all things are merry and
glad,

Good children should never be lazy and
sad ;

For God gives us daylight, dear sister,
that we

May rejoice like the lark, and may work
like the bee.

—LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Neat boys and girls grow to be neat
men and women.

GEORGE AND HIS GRAND- FATHER

George was four years old, and was always wishing that he was a big boy, for then he could go out in the fields by himself, and ride on the pony alone, and be able to read the large books in the library. "And I should grow bigger and bigger," said George, "until at last I should be as big as grandpapa!"

George thought over it, and said to himself: "The reason that grandpapa is so big is because he has coffee and eggs for breakfast. And the reason he can read in the large books is because he wears spectacles. If I wore spectacles and had coffee instead of bread-and-milk, I should soon be able to do all that grandpapa can."

Then George waited for a good chance to try if he could be like his grandfather, and before long he found one. His grandfather one morning had to go and see a poor man at the door; and while he was away George put on his grandfather's velvet cap with fur round it, and a pair of spectacles that were lying on the table. Then he took a sip at his grandfather's coffee and opened the newspaper that was

lying upon the table. And then he tried to read it.

"I can now do all that grandpapa can do," said George.

But he found that instead of being able to tell A from B, and C from D, he



saw only lines that seemed to run into each other, so that he could see nothing plainly.

"Perhaps grandpapa does not look through his spectacles," said George. Then he looked over them and saw A and B and C clearly, but he could not spell

the words any better than if he had no spectacles on.

As he sat looking very grave over it, his grandfather came back. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am trying to be big and read as well as you do," said George; "and I thought the coffee and spectacles would do it."

His grandfather laughed, and said: "No, no, George, it will take more than that to make you a man. You will have to grow for a great many years yet; and you will have to learn words, and study every day till you can read the long words without spelling."

"I don't like lessons," said George; "I want to read and not to do lessons."

"You cannot do anything without trouble," said his grandfather; "so the sooner you begin to take pains with your lessons, the sooner you will read well."

George thought for a minute; he was a sensible boy, and so he said: "I will try." And day after day George learned word after word, so that he knew them at first sight, and he soon found that it did not need grandpapa's spectacles to make him read the longest words very easily.

—SELECTED.

THE WRONG BUTTON

Little Marion had learned to dress herself. Sometimes she did it quite quickly. At other times one button went wrong and then all the rest seemed to go wrong too.

One morning she did not waken till ten minutes after her usual time. She got up quickly and washed herself carefully. She brushed her teeth and neatly tied her hair. Everything went very well until she came to fasten her dress. The dress buttoned behind, and the first button did not go into its own button-hole. In her hurry Marion did not find out that anything was wrong until she came to the last button. There was not a single button-hole left.

She knocked at her mother's door and waited till Mother said "Come in."

"Will you please help me to button my dress, Mother?" said Marion. "If that bad first button had not gone into the wrong button-hole, the others would have been right."

"Isn't that just like something little girls do," said Marion's mother. "First they do one naughty thing, and then more naughty things seem to grow out of that."

While Mother was quickly unbuttoning

the dress and making the buttons go into their right place, Marion's little brain was very busy thinking of something that had happened yesterday. First she had pulled pussy's tail, and that had made pussy scratch Baby brother who was on the floor beside him. She had not said it was pussy's fault, but she had let Mother put the poor little cat out without saying that she had pulled its tail. Now Marion felt that saying nothing was just as bad as if she had really said what was not true.

So Marion, after thanking her mother for buttoning her dress, said to her in a whisper: "I know what you mean, Mother dear. First we do something bad, and then we tell a story to hide it, and then perhaps some one else is punished in our place. That is just like the buttons."

—SELECTED.

THE DAYS WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

There's a certain kind of day
When you cannot work or play,
When the hours seem dull and long
And your sums are always wrong,

When your tiresome pen won't write
 And your copy book's a sight ;—
 Then, however hard you try,
 You are almost sure to cry !

There's another kind of day
 When the hours just fly away,
 When the things you hate to do
 Are quite easily got through ;
 When you never make a blot,
 If you try your best or not ;—
 Then, your sums are always right,
 And you laugh from morn till night ;

Now, perhaps you think the day
 Just goes wrong for fun or play ;
 But the reason I can tell,
 And the remedy as well.
 Do not grumble any more,
 Here's a better sort of cure—
 Mind you get up with your head
 Turned the right side of the bed !

—ANONYMOUS.

Tiny threads make up the web,
 Little acts make up life's span ;
 Would you ever happy be,
 Spin them rightly while you can.
 When the web is broken, quite
 Too late then to spin it right.

THE BRAVEST COUSIN

Herman had grumbled when he learned that the two cousins who were coming for New Year's were both girls.

"Girls!" he sniffed when his mother read the letter aloud. "They're sure to be cowards and squeal at everything."

"Perhaps not," his mother said; "but I have known girls who were just as brave as boys."

But Herman almost forgot that he had decided not to like his cousins when two merry voices called out "Hello," and four bright eyes twinkled above the buffalo robes in the cutter that brought them from the station the day before New Year's.

"Hello," he called back, as he stepped bravely up and held old Brownie's head, while his father helped the owners of the twinkling eyes out of the cutter.

It was not until the next morning when, after showing his cousins all the joys of the house and the big barnyard, he had taken them down to the meadow, that he had another chance to show how brave he was.

"Oh, there's the river," Dot called as they reached the foot of the meadow and saw the

glint of ice. "Mother told us all about the fun she used to have on it."

"But she told us it was never safe until away on in the winter," Marjory added.

"It's safe enough now," said Herman, trying not to remember what his father said to him a few days before when he



had begged to skate on it. "Last night's frost would make an ocean safe. Let's cross."

But his cousins hung back. "We must not," said Dot. "We promised."

"Cowards," called Herman, as he stepped on the ice. "You are both scared."

"We are not," replied Marjory. "We're just doing what we were told."

There was a loud cracking sound and a cry of terror from the boy, and before either of the girls knew quite what was happening, Marjory had given one hand to Dot, while she crept out as far as she could on the ice.

It was a very wet and frightened boy who was helped to the snowy bank, and a very penitent one who followed his mother up the stairs a little later to a warm bed. And now that it was all over, two equally frightened little girls sat by the great, roaring fire.

"I-I suppose we *were* cowards," sobbed Dot, "because I almost screamed when I saw the water creeping up near us."

"So did I," returned Marjory; "and we've broken our New Year's promise to Mother by disobeying her the first thing."

"You're the very bravest and best little girls I know," said some one coming softly into the room. "But I've left a boy upstairs who is neither, I am afraid, but who wants to make a fresh start as soon as he has said he is sorry." And two very happy girls raced up the long stairs.

—MARY ISOBEL HOUSTON

AT THE LITTLE BOY'S HOME

It was a very hot day, and the little boy was lying on his stomach under the big linden tree, reading *The Scottish Chiefs*.

"Little Boy," said his mother, "will you please go out in the garden and bring me a head of lettuce?"

"Oh, I—can't!" said the little boy. "I'm—too—hot!"

The little boy's father happened to be close by, weeding the geranium bed; and when he heard this, he lifted the little boy gently by his waistband and dipped him in the great tub of water that stood ready for watering the plants.

"There, my son!" said the father. "Now you are cool enough to go and get the lettuce; but remember next time that it will be easier to go at once when you are told, as then you will not have to change your clothes."

The little boy went drip, drip, dripping out into the garden and brought the lettuce; then he went drip, drip, dripping into the house and changed his clothes; but he said never a word, for he knew there was nothing to say.

That is the way they do things where the little boy lives. Would you like to live there? Perhaps not; yet he is a happy little boy, and he is learning the truth of the old saying :

Come when you're called, do as you're bid,
Shut the door after you, and you'll never be chid.

—LAURA E. RICHARDS.

From "Five Minute Stories," by kind permission of Dana Estes & Company.

ROBINS AND LINNETS

Did you ever see the nest
Of robin or of linnet,
When the little downy birds
Are lying snugly in it,

Opening wide their yellow mouths
For something nice to eat?
Snail or slug, or worm or grub,
To them are dainty meat.

Hops mother bird from spray to spray,
And peeps with knowing eye
Into all the folded leaves,
Where worms or grubs do lie.

She has searched among the grass,
And flown from tree to tree
Catching gnats and flies to feed
Her little family.

I have heard the robins chirp,
And seen them shake their wings ;
They are pleased to see her come,
And pleased with what she brings.

But I never saw them look
In a hurry for their food.
Somebody, at dinner-time,
Is seldom quite so good.

—ANONYMOUS.

MARJORIE'S LUNCH

Mrs. Brown was helping Mary make plum jam. Marjorie was there, too, and everybody was so busy that they didn't notice how many plums she had eaten. But at last Mrs. Brown looked up and said : " Marjorie, you have eaten enough plums. Don't touch another one."

Marjorie looked very cross as she went out of the kitchen. " I think mother might have let me eat all I want," she said.

"Plums only last a little while, and I do like them."

If it had been peaches or cake or candy, it would have been all the same to Marjorie. She never seemed to get enough of anything she liked.

In a few minutes the front door opened, and Marjorie went out. Everybody was too busy to hear her go.

"I'm not going to live in this house any more," she said. "I'm sure there are lots of places where a little girl may eat all she wants."

So Marjorie went out the front gate and down the street. She walked on and on, until, at last, she was a long way from the little town where she had always lived.

She had walked such a long way that she began to feel tired, and, as usual, Marjorie was hungry.

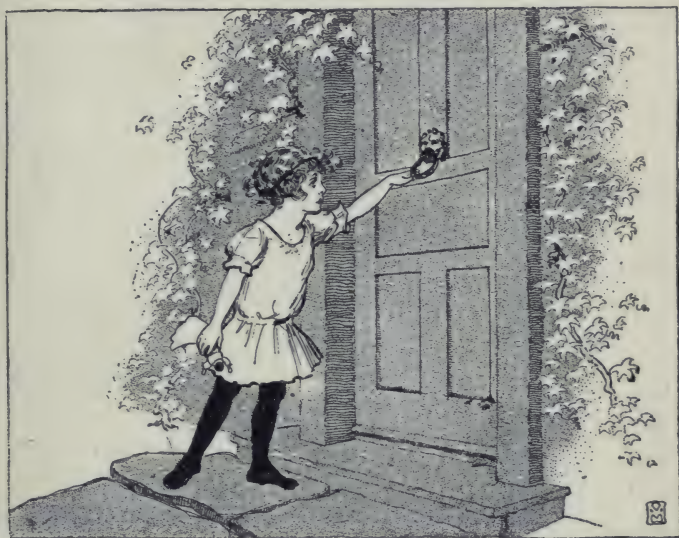
At last she saw a little house in a nice little garden with lots of flowers. It looked so cosy that she thought somebody must live there who would listen to a little girl.

She went up the walk, and instead of a bell, she found a funny little old knocker on the door. It looked just like a lion's head, and at first Marjorie was afraid. Then she laughed to herself, and said:

"I'm not afraid. It isn't a meat lion ; it's only made of brass."

So Marjorie stood up on her tiptoes, and took hold of the lion's head and made it knock on the brass plate.

In a minute a nice little old lady, with a



clean white cap, came to the door, and said : " Good-morning, little girl."

" Good-morning," said Marjorie. " I have come a long way, and I'm very tired and I'm hungry too."

" Oh, dear," said the little old lady, with a shake of her little white cap. " Aren't

you a very small girl to come a long way alone? Why did you leave home, and where is your mother?"

"I am not going to live with my mother any more," said Marjorie. "She is helping Mary to preserve plums this morning, and she said I couldn't eat any more of them. I am all the little girl she has, and she never lets me have all I want of anything good. I am going to find another mother."

"Oh dear, oh dear, how fortunate," said the little old lady, with a twinkle in her eye and another shake of her little white cap. "I have been looking for a little girl to live with me for a long time. I always give them all they want of everything they like. Will you come in and live with me?"

"Thank you very much. I think I should like to," said Marjorie.

"Very well, my dear, come in and we shall have lunch. You may have anything you want," said the little old lady.

"Thank you again," said Marjorie. "I should like chocolate cake and ice-cream and marshmallows, and—oh yes, some more plums."

So they sat down at the table, and Marjorie thought she had never had such

a nice lunch. Every time she asked for some more of anything the little old lady gave it to her.

Then when lunch was over Marjorie ran around in the garden and looked at the flowers for a while. But after a while she didn't feel quite so well as she had felt before she started out that morning. Her head ached, and she felt quite dizzy.

When the little old lady came out into the garden she found Marjorie sitting very quiet on the garden seat.

"What is the matter, dear?" said the little old lady.

"I don't know," said Marjorie. "I think your lunch was very nice, but perhaps my own mother was right after all about what little girls should eat."

"Would you like me to harness my little old pony to my little old pony-cart and take you to your own mother?" said the little old lady kindly.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said Marjorie. "I should like to come to see you sometimes, but I think I would rather live with my own mother. And—and I think I'll have just bread and milk to-night."

—SELECTED.

A KINDLY DEED

It was the twenty-fourth of May and the soldiers were to march to the park. A grand stand had been built near the platform from which speeches were to be made. The Governor-general was to be there, and many ladies also were to be on the platform.

Little Amy was up bright and early and dressed herself carefully in her best white dress. She got a front seat on the stand quite near the platform. She was very happy, but just before the time came for the soldiers to march past, she saw a feeble old woman standing in the crowd and trying her best to see.

Something seemed to tell Amy she should give up her seat. Then she thought: "I came early to get my seat; I have a right to keep it." A little voice within her whispered: "She is very old; the next time there is a parade she may not be able to come."

Amy sat still a minute and kept saying to herself: "I did so much want to see it all." And at the same time she could not help but think about the old woman. And the soldiers were coming so soon!

At last she could not sit still any longer. She jumped up and said to the old woman: "Here is a seat for you." Before there was time for her even to hear "Thank you," she had slipped away into the crowd.

Some who had seen her thought she was very silly, and others even laughed at her. But as Amy stood on tiptoe and tried her best to see, she was very happy.

Very soon the band was heard, and everybody began to try to catch the first sight of the soldiers as they turned into the park.

Just as Amy was wishing she was just a little taller, some one touched her on the shoulder and a gentleman said: "Come with me, little girl."

Amy followed him and in a minute she found herself on the platform beside a very pretty lady. The lady smiled at her and said: "I saw you give up your seat to the old lady, and it was a kind thing for a little girl to do. I should very much like you to sit in this chair beside me!" And as Amy stood a minute, not quite believing her good fortune, the pretty lady said with a little laugh: "You know, dear, one good turn deserves another."

—SELECTED.

SMILES OR SCOWLS

If I turn and smile at Billy,
He'll smile right back at me;
And that will add up two smiles,
As anyone may see.
And if I say, just pleasant:
"Good morning, Bill, Hello!"
Then Bill will say "Hello" to me,
And then we're friends you know.

But if I scowl at Billy,
It's just as likely he
Will double up his fists—and that's
A quarrel for him and me.
'Tis good for me and Billy,
And all the boys we know,
To stick to smiles and pleasant words—
Let's try it, boys—ho, ho!

—SYDNEY DAYRE.

For every sunny hour,
A drop of rain;
For every cloudy day,
The stars again.
For every passing care,
A mother's kiss;
And what could better be,
My child, than this?

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

Many years ago a boy named John James Audubon lived in the sunny land of Louisiana. He was not like other little boys. While his friends were fishing or playing games, he would lie under a tree and watch the birds.

When he was eleven years old, he and his mother went to visit in an island called San Domingo. The negro slaves there rebelled against the white owners who had treated them cruelly. In the fighting his mother was killed, and the little boy was so lonesome that he even forgot to listen to the birds.

Then his tall father, who was an officer in the French navy, came and took his little son to France. He was very lonely there, until one day his father brought home a kind-faced lady and told John James she was his new mother. She was good to the little boy, and loved him and gave him all the things he needed. He learned to love her very much.

But he did not always go to school when he was sent. Instead he would go out into the fields and watch the birds.

He used to draw pictures of what he saw.

At first his pictures did not look very much like the birds he was trying to draw. But he always tore them up and began over and over until he thought they were right.

One time, when his father came home from sea, he found his little boy had not been going to school, and that he did not know his geography or arithmetic. He wanted him to be a soldier, so he sent him away to a school where he thought the boy would learn the things a soldier should know.

But John James did not learn to carry a gun or to march or to drill. Instead, he learned to play on the violin and flute. As he played he was always thinking about the birds and their sweet songs.

So when he was grown up, he could play music so like the songs of the birds that they would come and sit on his shoulder as he played.

Then also he learned drawing, and worked so hard that he very soon had more than two hundred pictures made from memory of the birds he had watched. But he was never pleased with a picture that was only "pretty good." He worked and worked until he had one that pleased him and then he made bonfires of the poor ones.

When he was about seventeen he left France and came back to America. Here he lived many years in the woods, studying the birds. Sometimes he had nothing to eat but roots and nuts.

So John James Audubon loved birds and drew pictures and wrote books about them until he has made everybody love them and want to be good to them.

—SELECTED.

THE SHEPHERD BOY

Once upon a time there was a shepherd boy named Hans. One day he was tending his master's sheep in a field near a great forest. By and by a hunter rode up to him and said: "My boy, can you tell me how far it is to the nearest village?"

"Yes," said Hans. "It is six miles. But you are in danger of losing your way. The road is not broad and straight. It is only a narrow, crooked path made by the sheep."

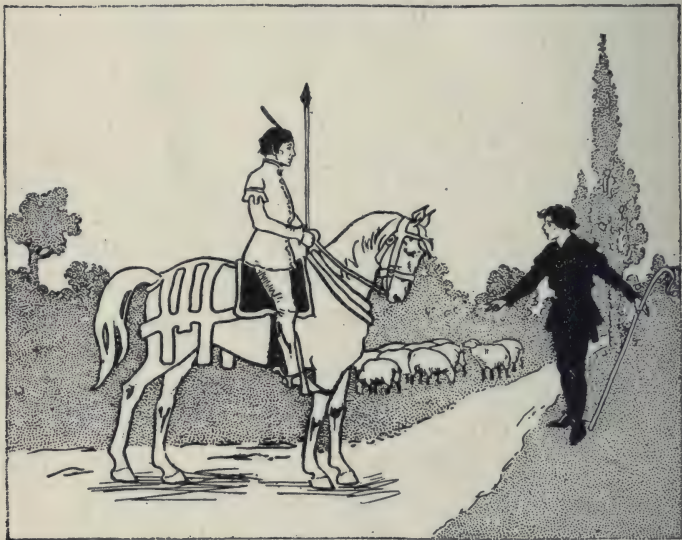
"Well," said the hunter, "if you will go with me, and guide me to the village, I will pay you well for your time and trouble."

"Thank you," said Hans, shaking his

head. "I am sorry, but I cannot go. I must watch the sheep. They might stray into the forest and be killed by the wolves."

"Well," said the hunter, "if one or two of them should be killed, I will pay you more than they are worth. I will give you more than a year's wages."

But Hans refused to go. "Sir," said he,



"These are not my sheep; they belong to my master. The blame would fall on me if they were lost. I cannot go with you."

"Well, then, if you cannot go, will you find me a guide? I will tend the sheep until you return."

But Hans shook his head again, and said : "I cannot leave the sheep. You are a stranger. They do not know your voice. And—" said Hans, hesitating for a moment.

"What!" said the hunter. "Can you not trust me?"

"I cannot," replied Hans. "I have promised my master to take care of his sheep, and you have tried to make me break my promise. How can I be sure that you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter was not angry at the boy's reply. He laughed, and said: "You are right, my boy! I wish my servants were as faithful as you are. Then I could trust them as well as your master can trust you. Point out the path to the village, and I shall try to find my way there alone."

He had hardly spoken these words when a band of men came riding out of the forest. They were very happy when they saw the hunter.

"Sire!" said one, "we were afraid you were lost."

Hans was greatly surprised to learn that the stranger with whom he had just been talking was a prince, and he was afraid that he had offended him. But the prince was

not angry. He only smiled, and praised Hans for his faithfulness.

Not long afterwards the Prince sent a servant to bring Hans to the palace. When the prince saw him again, he said: "Hans, I want you to be my servant, because I can trust you. Leave your master and come to me."

Of course Hans was very happy. He would be very glad to serve such a man, and such a prince. But he was a thoughtful boy. He was unwilling to leave his master before he had found some one to take his place. So he said to the prince: "Sir, I will come if my master can find another boy to tend his sheep." Then he returned to his master and took care of his flocks until another shepherd was found.

After that, Hans remained a long time in the service of the prince.

—SELECTED.

THE NEW WAY

I went to school by streets to-day,
That I was never on before ;
But now I'll always go that way,
And not the old one any more.

For there's a great big house of brick
I passed upon the way I went,
Where little children who are sick
And have to lie a-bed are sent.

And while I went a-skipping by,
Afraid that I might tardy be,
I looked up and I chanced to spy
A child about the age of me.

She lay upon a little bed,
And oh—her face was thin and white!
I thought how mine was round and red;
It made my throat feel queer and tight.

I almost think I should have cried
A tear or two, had not that child
Caught sight of me; and so I tried
To look quite cheerful when she smiled.

And I smiled back, and waved my hand,
And she waved hers—and, all this day,
I've thought of her. That's why I've
planned
Always to go to school that way!

—MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

Who pleasure gives
Shall joy receive.

THE CROW AND THE ROBIN

One morning in the early spring a crow was sitting on the branch of an old oak. He felt very ugly and cross, and could only say, "Croak! Croak!"

Soon a little robin, who was looking for a place to build her nest, came, with a merry song, into the same tree. "Good-morning to you," she said to the crow.

But the crow made no answer; he only looked at the clouds and croaked something about the cold wind. "I said good-morning to you," said the robin, jumping from branch to branch.

"I wonder how you can be so merry this morning," croaked the crow.

"Why should I not be merry?" asked the robin. "Spring has come, and every one ought to be happy."

"I am not happy," said the crow. "Don't you see those black clouds above us? It is going to snow."

"Very well," said the robin, "I shall keep on singing till the snow comes. A merry song will not make it any colder."

"Caw! caw! caw!" croaked the crow. "I think you are very foolish."

The robin flew to another tree, and kept on singing; but the crow sat still and made himself very unhappy. "The wind is so cold," he said. "It always blows the wrong way for me."

Very soon the sun came out warm and bright, and the clouds went away. But the crow was as cross as ever.

The grass began to spring up in the meadows. Green leaves and flowers were seen in the woods. Birds and bees flew here and there in the glad sunshine. The crow sat and croaked on the branch of the old oak.

"It is always too warm or too cold," said he. "To be sure, it is a little pleasant just now; but I know that the sun will soon shine warm enough to burn one up. Then, before night, it will be colder than ever. I do not see how any one can sing at such a time as this."

Just then the robin came back to the tree, with a straw in her mouth for her nest. "Well, my friend," asked she, "where is your snow?"

"Don't talk about that," croaked the crow. "It will snow all the harder for this sunshine."

"And snow or shine," said the robin,

“you will keep on croaking. For my part, I shall always look on the bright side of things, and have a song for every day in the year.”

—SELECTED.

THE VIOLET

Once in a shady, pleasant nook,
Beside a tall, green tree,
A modest little violet grew
And bloomed for you and me.

Her pretty dress was purple,
And yellow was her eye;
She never spoke, but sweetly smiled
At every passer-by.

Then, one bright day in summer,
Her beauty seemed to fade;
Her face grew pale, she drooped her head,
Her leaves in dust were laid.

Oh, what could ail the pretty flower
That she so ill should be?
I asked the other violets,
I asked the tall, green tree.

"My child," the green tree answered,
"Each flower has its day;
It grows and blooms and sweetly smiles,
Then droops and fades away.

"This pretty little violet
Has lived and done her duty,
Has given joy to many a heart,
By reason of her beauty."

—EMMA L. ELDRIDGE.

*From "A Child's Reader in Verse," by
kind permission of the American
Book Company.*

THE NEWSBOY

Timmie was a homeless newsboy. His coat was twice too big for him. It covered all but his cap and shoes, and they were much the worse for wear.

The evening was cold and wet. As darkness came on, people were hurrying home. They did not wait to buy papers. Poor Timmie was not making many sales.

Mr. Norton came hurrying along. He was holding his umbrella against the wind. Stepping aside to let some people pass, he did not see Timmie, and knocked him down.

"Buy a paper, please, sir?" said Tim, as he jumped to his feet in a second.

"Yes, boy," said Mr. Norton. He was sorry that he had knocked the lad down, and surprised that he spoke so nicely. "How many papers have you? I'll take them all."

When Mr. Norton got home he told his family about the newsboy. "The lad spoke as nicely," said he, "as if I had done him a kindness."

The next evening Mr. Norton came home along the same street. There was little Timmie again, cheerful as sunshine. He took him home with him and gave him a good supper. In a day or two he found some work for him, and after New Year's he sent him to school.

—SELECTED.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL

Three little girls were going home from school one day, with their arms round each other, and talking busily.

"What do you think of that new girl in our class?" asked Anne, the tallest.

"I don't know much about her yet," said Edith. "She seems very quiet."

"Quiet?" said May, the third girl. "I think she seems stupid. She has nothing at all to say for herself. I was trying to talk to her yesterday, but she had nothing to say."

"Oh, well," said Edith, "she feels strange at present. Perhaps, when we know her better, we shall think quite differently about her."

It was not long before they had reason to think differently. It had been very cold, frosty weather, and next day, when the girls went to school, they found a man at work in the porch. The pipe which brought the water to the basins where the girls washed their hands had burst, and the man was mending it. Some of his tools needed to be very hot, and so he had a fire with him in a sort of bucket.

When the girls came to school, he set his fire in a far corner of the porch, and warned them not to go near it. But at twelve o'clock a sad thing happened. The man had gone away to fetch something, and had moved his fire to one side of the porch. A little girl ran past it to fetch her hat and jacket, and her frock caught against a blazing coal. Almost before she knew what was the matter, her clothes were in flames. The other girls began to scream

and run, and, loudest of all, screamed the poor little girl whose clothes were on fire.

But one girl sprang forward, and threw her thick cloak round the burning dress. She rolled it tightly round the flames, and



beat them out with her hands as well. All this happened in a moment, and, in another moment, plenty of help came.

After school, that afternoon, Anne, Edith, and May were walking home together once more.

“Just fancy!” said May. “It was only

yesterday that I was saying that Kate Bell, the new girl, was stupid. How wrong I was! I'm so sorry I said it."

"I think," said Edith, "that she is the bravest girl I ever heard of. If she had not been there, Jenny Carr would have been burned to death."

"Yes," said Anne, "and every one of us knew what to do just as well as she did. Teacher has told us many times what to do in case of fire. Only we didn't do it."

"No," said Edith. "We were not cool enough."

"Poor Jenny!" said May. "She had a sad fright."

"But not much more," said Anne. "She isn't burned half so badly as Kate, who beat out the flames with her bare hands."

That night Edith thought of a fine plan, and when she told the other girls next day, they thought it fine too. They took a sheet of paper and wrote a letter to Kate, telling her how brave they thought her, and how they hoped that she would soon be well again, and back at school. All the girls signed their names to this letter, so that they had to have a big sheet of paper, and put it in a big envelope.

Then the girls put their money together to buy a nice bunch of flowers, from a man

who had a large greenhouse. Edith was chosen to carry the letter and the flowers to Kate Bell, because she had first thought of the plan.

Kate was lying in bed, with a face as white as the pillow upon which it rested. But she smiled brightly when she saw the beautiful flowers. She could not take them, for her poor little hands were a mass of bandages. Edith read the letter to her, and gave her the love of all the girls in the school, and Kate sent her love back.

When Kate got well again, and went back to school, the girls made a great deal of her. She was just as quiet as ever, but no one now thought her stupid for it.

—JOHN FINNEMORE.

*From "Black's Literary Readers, Book II,"
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Black.*

TWO LITTLE MAIDS

Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Is fretful and cross and so blue ;
And the light in her eyes
Is all dim when she cries,
And her friends, they are few, oh, so few !

And her dolls they are nothing but sawdust
and clothes ;
Whenever she wants to go skating it
snows ;
And everything criss cross—the world is
askew,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Now true,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Would you ?

Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay ;
She isn't a shirk,
For she smiles at her work,
And romps when it comes time for play.
Her dolls they are princesses, blue-eyed
and fair ;
She makes them a throne from a rickety
chair,
And everything happens the jolliest way,
I'd sooner be Little Miss Busy-all-day,
And stay
As happy as she is, at work or at play,
I say.

—ANONYMOUS.

Try! Try! and try again ;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE

A pin and a needle found themselves side by side in a pin-cushion.

"I don't know why they call it a pin-cushion," said the needle. "They should call it a needle-cushion. Needles are of some use, but those pins are too dull for anything."

"Now, do not be so sharp," said the pin. "A pin has at least a head, and that is more than a needle can say for itself."

But of what use is a head without an eye?"

"And of what use is an eye if there is always something in it?"

"I can go through more work than you can."

"Yes, but it gives you a stitch in the side, and you cannot live long."

"I shouldn't wish to live if I were as crooked as you."

Just then a little girl came along with some thread and a piece of cotton. She put the thread through the eye of the needle and began to sew. In a few minutes she broke the needle at the eye.

"It serves you right," said the pin. "You were far too proud of that eye."

Then the girl tied the thread around the head of the pin. In forcing the pin through the cotton she pulled off its head. The needle did not say anything, for it did not see what had happened.

Then both pin and needle were thrown into the stove. "Here we are again," said the pin. "Yes! and we have very little to fight about either," said the needle. "We seem to be very much like a great many people. They are never through their fighting till they are laid in the dust."

—SELECTED.

THE RAINBOW

Two little clouds one summer's day
Went flying through the sky ;
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.
Old Father Sun looked out, and said :
"Oh ! never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears."
One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo ;
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red—
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud-tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

—LIZZIE HADLEY.

BLACK BEAUTY'S STORY

The first place that I remember was a large pasture with a pond of clear water in it. Some shade trees grew near its edge, and at one end of it there were rushes and water-lilies.

When I was young, I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay close by her. When it was hot we stood in the shade of the trees near the pond, and when it was cold we had a warm shed to sleep in.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass my mother went to work in the daytime and came back in the evening.

Besides me there were six colts in the meadow. I used to run with them and we had great fun. We would gallop together round and round the field as fast as we could go.

One day when the colts were playing roughly—biting and kicking—my mother said to me, “I hope you will not learn bad ways. Do your work with good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play.”

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. We were all fond of him. All the horses would go to him when he came into the field, but my mother was his favourite. She always took him to town on market days. He would pat her and say, “How is your little Beauty to-day?”

My master said he would “break me in” himself. Breaking in a colt is teaching him to wear a bridle and a saddle, a collar and harness. He learns to go with a cart or wagon behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him.

I had been used to a halter, but now I was to have a bridle. My master gave me some oats, and, after a good deal of coaxing, he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed on my head. Any one who has never had a bit in his mouth cannot think how uncomfortable it feels.

A great piece of hard steel, as thick as a man's finger, was pushed into my mouth, over the tongue and between my teeth, the

ends sticking out at the corners of my lips. From the ends of the iron bar, leather straps were passed over my head, and under my throat, and round my nose, and below my chin. I could not get rid of it no matter how I tried.

I thought it was very hard at first. But with nice oats, and bits of bread, and my master's kind words and gentle ways, I even grew used to the bit and bridle, so that I did not mind them very much.

—SELECTED.

NATURE'S CHILDREN

The breeze sang through the new leaves of the fruit trees, and a full moon smiled on the gardens, which numbered about twenty in all. This is what the moon heard.

From the far end of the gardens a tiny voice chirped: "Oh, I'm dying of thirst. I was planted five days ago, and all my brothers and sisters have been watered, and they are growing well. But I, because I am far away in the corner of this garden, never get a drop."

A chorus of voices broke in: "We belong to the noble Radish family, but no

one seems to see us. We are growing well, but we have not heard one friendly word. Now look at this Cress! It has been admired and pointed out all day, and——”

“You know well enough that we were planted long before you,” declared the angry Cresses, “so we are older than you, and therefore——”

“No fault of yours that you were planted sooner,” muttered the largest Radish.

“Hush, children,” cried an Onion, who was just popping his green top through the earth. “I was planted before any of you, so I consider it my duty by right of age to settle this quarrel.”

“You! You! Every one knows that you were the only one of your tribe who grew, and that says a great deal for the Onion family, I’m sure,” shouted the Radishes and Cresses together.

“Please don’t quarrel,” said a timid little Pansy near by. “I’ve been trying to go to sleep for ever so long.”

There was silence for a minute. Then tiny voices came from underground: “We’ve been killed with kindness, for the little girl who planted us patted the earth down so hard on top of us, that we can’t push through.”

A sigh ran through the gardens at the awful fate of the poor Carrot family.

A tiny Nasturtium was beginning an account of its woes, when a deep voice near it made it jump: "I've been insulted. I am the oldest member of this year's Worm family. The little girl who planted this garden called me by the very rude name of Samuel, and said I was her pet worm. Imagine my feelings! I was trying to wriggle away to another garden, when she cut me in half while she was digging. Now I am in two pieces. I can't leave this garden, for my head half hates to go without my tail half, and they are taking such a long time to find each other."

The gardens were sorry for poor Worm's misfortune, when a babel of voices came from one garden: "Oh, how unhappy we are! We were nicely planted, and two little girls came and raked us all up, and now we are scattered all over the garden."

"I am being pushed out by an ill-mannered Onion," cried one; "and he is making rude remarks besides."

There would have been a family dispute next, but a form dressed in silvery white appeared just then, and a hush fell over the gardens.

A whisper of "Mother Nature! Mother Nature!" was heard through the gardens.

A gentle voice whispered: "Sleep, my little seedlings, and the tiniest of you shall not be forgotten. In the morning you will be fresh and beautiful to look at. Now sleep—sleep—sleep!" Then she walked about, scattering dewdrops on her sleeping children, such as the sandman does, nor did she forget one of them.

The next morning when the sun came out, he saw all Nature's babies happy and fresh, all quarrels forgotten. So he shone his brightest to help them grow, and when the girls came out to see the gardens, they cried out: "How lovely all the things are looking this morning!" And the seeds smiled happily among themselves, and said to each other: "Let us never quarrel again."

—MARGARET WISE.

Whether fair, whether foul,
Be it wet or dry,
Cloudy time or shiny time,
The sun is in the sky.
Gloomy night, pleasant night,
Be it glad or dread,
Cloudy time or shiny time,
Stars are overhead.

THE NAUGHTY PIG

The day was fine, and Mrs. Pig
Came trotting round the stack,
And with her came her babies four,
Three white ones and a black.

“Now, children, keep your noses down
And follow me about,
Then if some tit-bits lie around
You’re sure to sniff them out.”

The white ones promised to be good
And do as they were bid ;
But Blackie shook his curly tail
And ran away and hid.

“Whatever is the good,” said he,
“Of walking in a row?
It’s just as bad as that old sty;
I’ll have some fun, I know.”

And so he trotted round the yard,
His nose up in the air,
To see the many wondrous things
That were assembled there.

But soon there was a dreadful splash
And then a dismal scream,
For Blackie’s head was held so high,
He never saw the stream.

His mother, who was not far off,
Came running at the sound,
And when she saw poor Blackie's plight.
She thought he would be drowned.

Oh! how she squealed, until at last
She brought the farmer's men,
Who with a lengthy wooden rake
Soon fished him out again.

But Blackie was a wiser pig
And from that very day
He always did as he was bid,
Nor wandered far away.

—A. K. PARKER.

*From "The Infants' Magazine," by kind
permission of Messrs. S. W. Part-
ridge & Co.*

A RIDE IN A STAGE-COACH

It must have been about the time that your great-great-grandmothers were living, that a stage-coach was lumbering along the high road on the way from York to London. This journey that can now be done by an express train in a few hours, took then about as many days. People thought that this was quick travel-

ling, for not long before it had taken the old coaches quite a fortnight to do the same journey. But these new stage-coaches which carried the mails had been started, and every one could travel much more quickly.

Every few miles along these high roads there were what were known as turnpike gates. And before these gates were opened for carriages, wagons, or horses to pass by, the drivers or riders had to pay a small sum to a person who lived in a house by the gates. This sum was known as a toll, and was intended to be used to keep the roads in good repair.

The coachman and the guard on this coach were armed as usual, for there was always the fear of highwaymen stopping and robbing the passengers. These robbers wore masks, and were mounted on very swift horses. They generally got away safely after they had robbed a coach, for they were such good horsemen that many of them could take the turnpike gates at a flying leap.

There were people riding inside this stage-coach, and some riding on the roof of it. Two children, a boy and a girl, were inside with their mother. They were going to join the children's father in London, and were

very excited, as this was their first visit to the big city.

Their mother, Mrs. Carew, was very nervous, for she had with her a large



quantity of jewellery and money, and she was afraid that they might meet highwaymen. But little Bob Carew hoped that this might happen, for he wanted to see what they were like.

By and by Bob had his wish, for with a lurch the coach came to a sudden stop. They heard a great noise and talking outside. Then a black-masked face appeared at the door, and a man's voice said politely: "I must trouble you to descend, madam." Poor Mrs. Carew, who was almost fainting, obeyed the command, taking her children with her.

Bob expected to see quite a number of robbers, but there was only the polite gentleman in a black mask. But the passengers, and even the armed coachman and guard, seemed quite in his power. The passengers gave up their money and jewels, some with tears and moans, others without a word. When it was Mrs. Carew's turn, and the highwayman took her jewels, Bob struck him and said: "You are a coward to rob a woman."

The man only laughed, but when the stage-coach was about to go on its way, he thrust the parcel containing his mother's jewels into the boy's cap, saying: "Here, sir, give these back to your mother and tell her you are the only brave man on the coach."

—SELECTED.

*From "Children Then and Now," by kind
permission of Macmillan & Co.*

AGREED TO DISAGREE.

A mouse, a cricket, a bumblebee,
Started out in the sweet spring weather.

“Let’s all agree,”

Said the bumblebee,

“To build us a house and live together.”

“I’m willing to try,”

Said the cricket spry.

Said dear little mousie, “So am I.”

“Under the porch, away down low,”
The cricket chirruped in rare delight,

“Is the place, I know,

For us to go;

There’s not the tiniest ray of light!

We’ll hide away

From the dazzling day,

And chirrup and buzz and squeak all
night.”

Said the mouse, “O dear,

I fear, I fear

Such a place would be so dark and drear!”

“Away, ’way up in the elm tree high,”

Said the bumblebee, “is a cosy nook,

In the early light

Of the morning bright

A royal place. "Let us go and look."
 Said the cricket, "Why
 As I cannot fly,
 I never could think of going so high."

Said the Mistress Mouse, "The finest
 spot
 Is out in the field of growing wheat;
 We'll build a dot
 Of a nest—why not?—
 Convenient, cosy, and snug and sweet."
 Said the bumblebee,
 "Dear me, dear me!
 Such a house would never do for three."

Well, Mistress Mouse
 Built a wee, wee house,
 And cuddled under the sun-warmed hay.
 The bumblebee
 From his hole in the tree
 Buzzed and hummed through the sunny
 day,
 While the cricket stole
 To the darkest hole
 And chirruped till morning's earliest ray.
 And though they could never live together,
 All rejoiced in the sweet spring weather.

—SYDNEY DAYRE.

WISHING

RING-TING ! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the
spring !

The drooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm-tree for our king !

Nay—stay ! I wish I were an elm-tree,
A great lofty elm-tree, with green leaves gay !
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the
boughs,
And sweetly sing.

On—no ! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go !
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs,
To ruffle up our wing.

Well—tell ! where should I fly to ?
Where go to sleep, in the dark wood or dell ?
Before a day was over,
Home must come the rover
For mother's kiss ; sweeter this
Than any other thing !

—W. ALLINGHAM.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow ;
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so, what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbour best.

—M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.





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